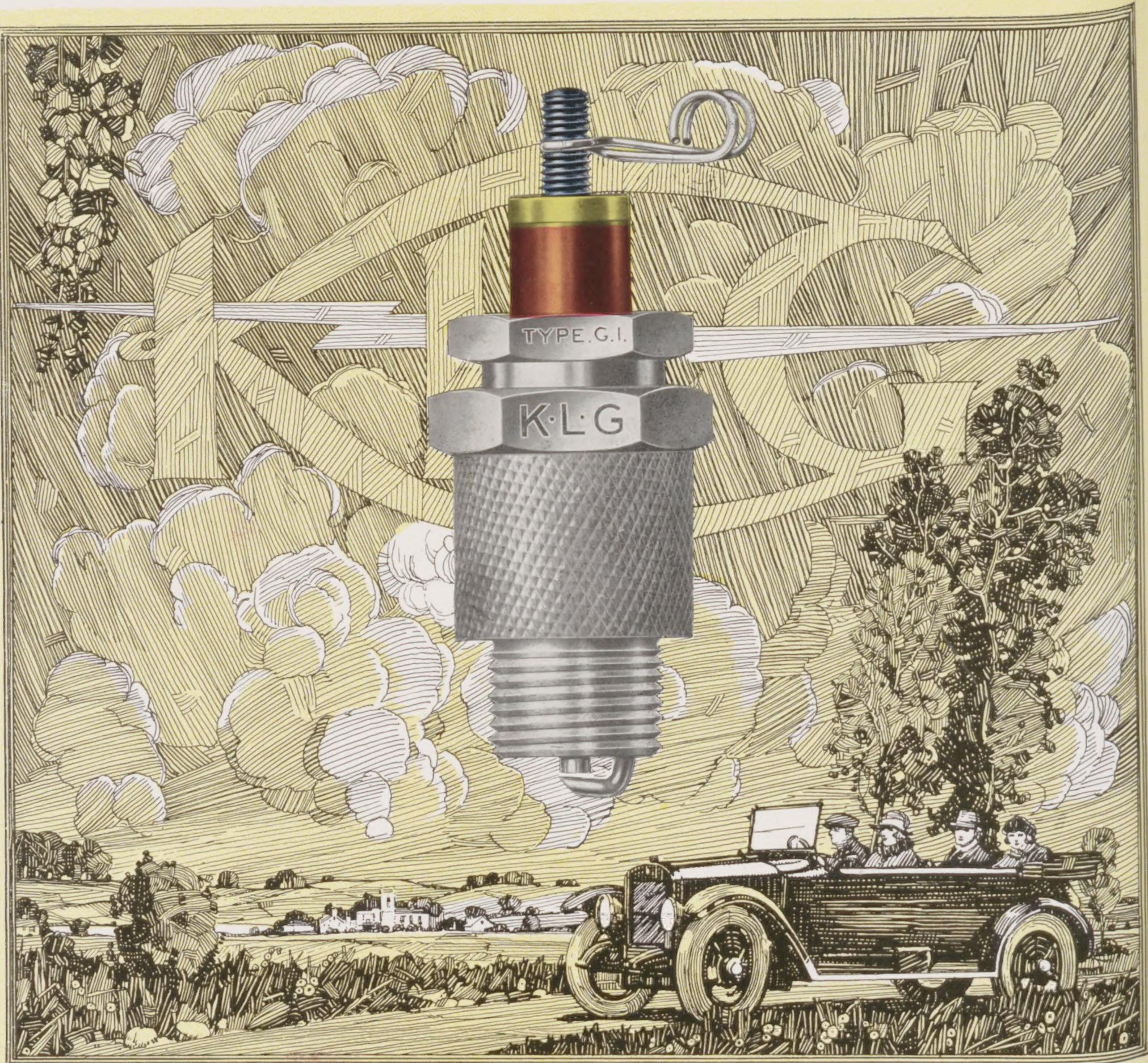


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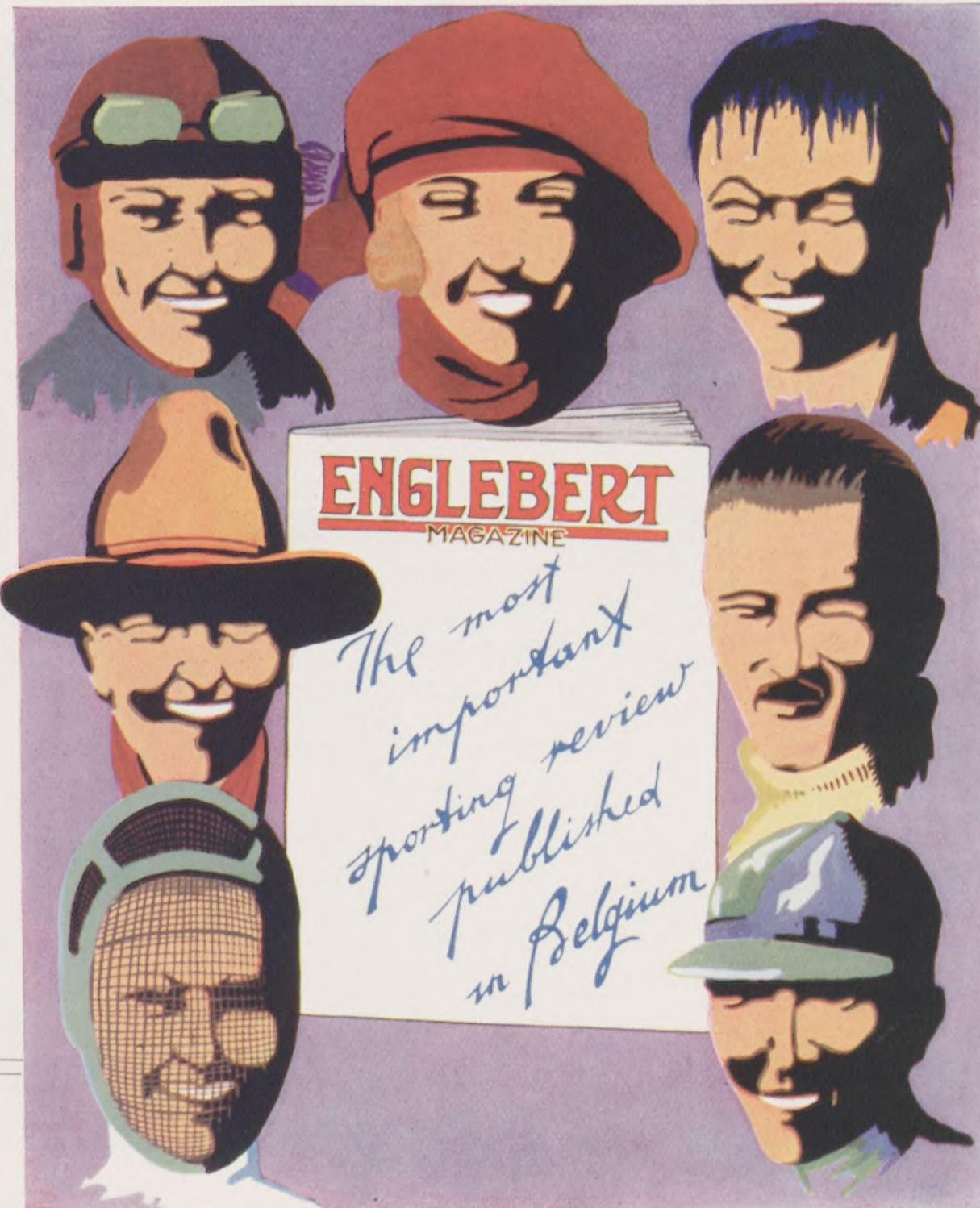
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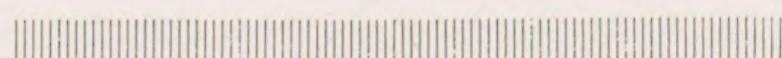
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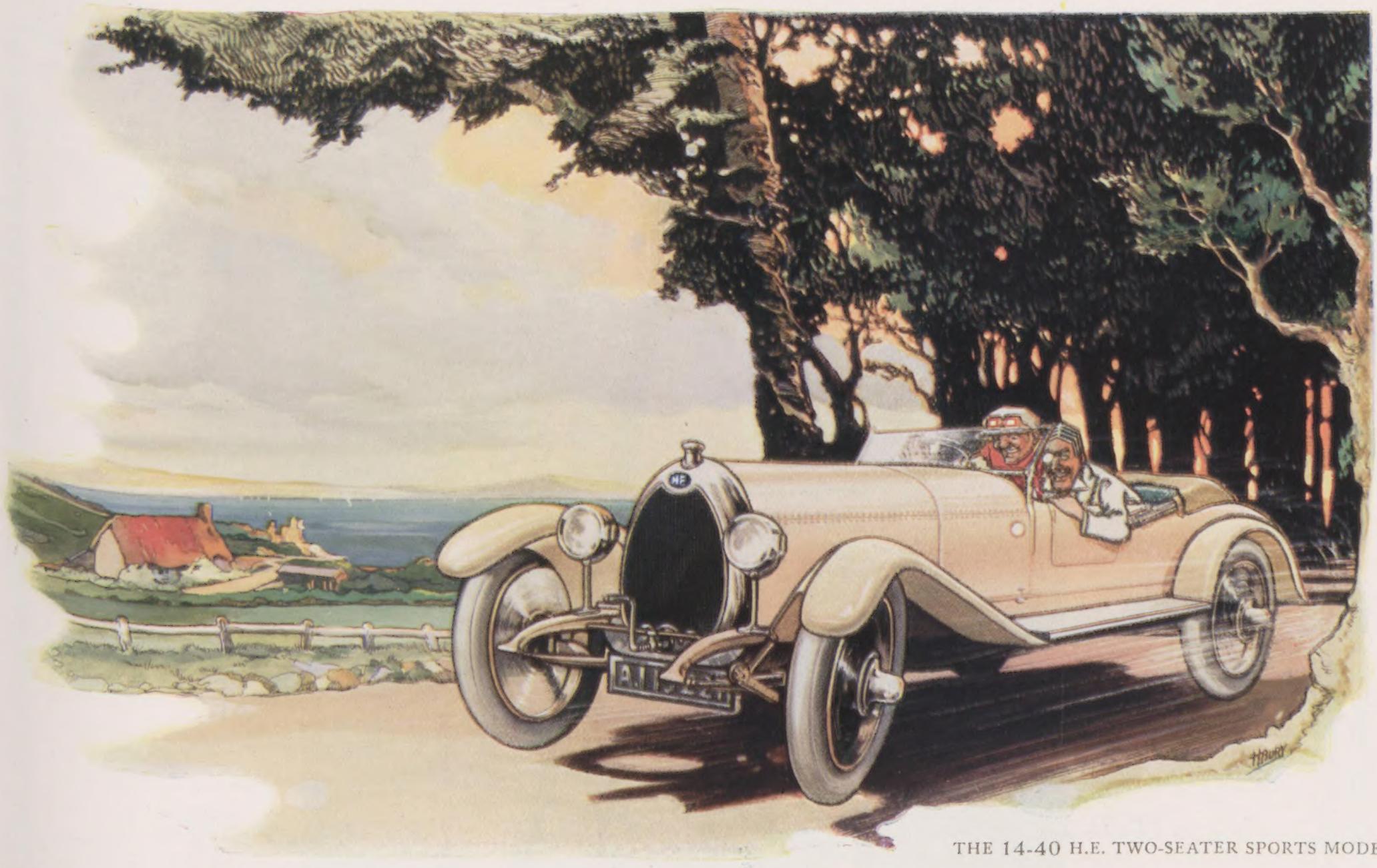
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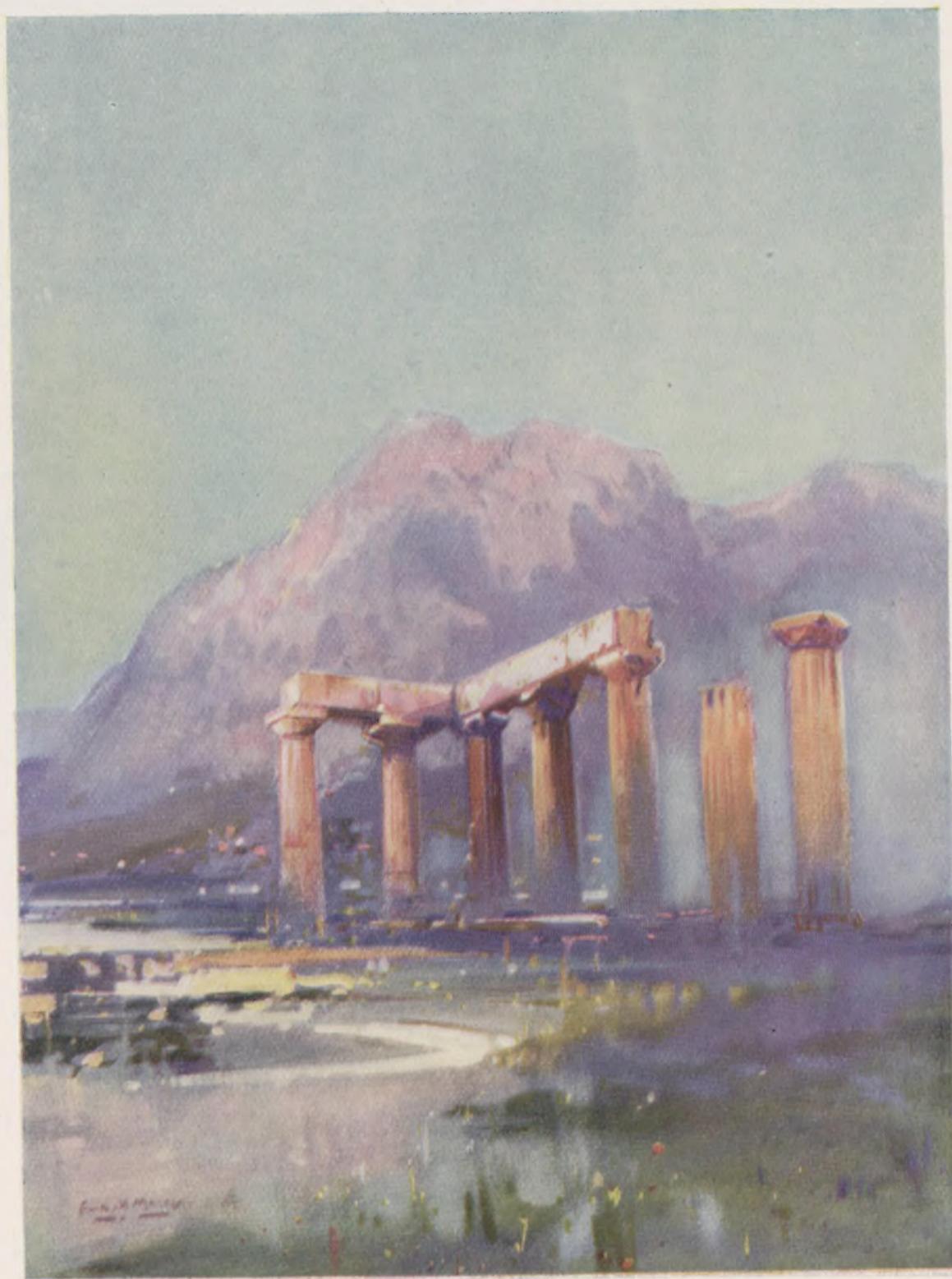
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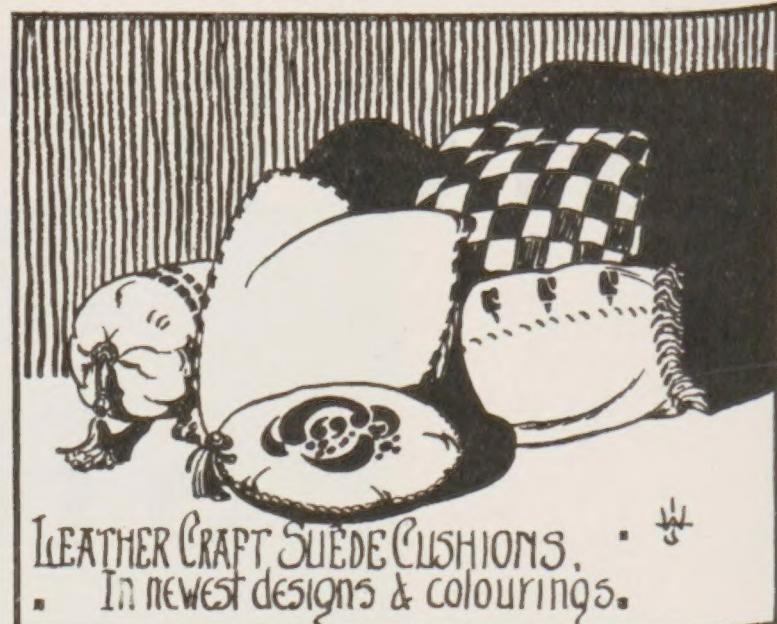
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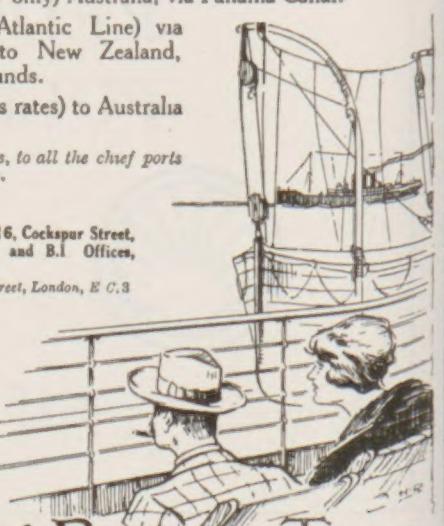
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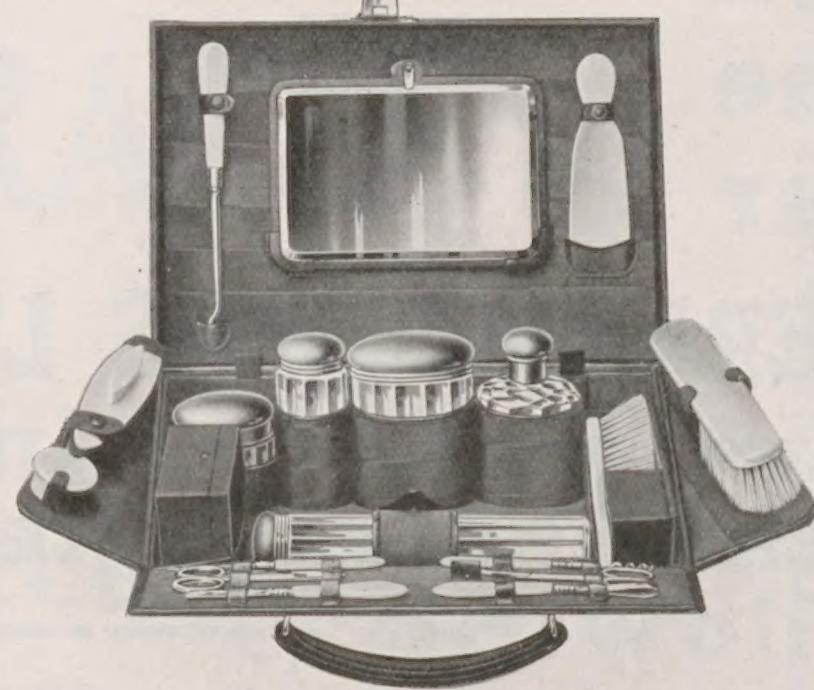
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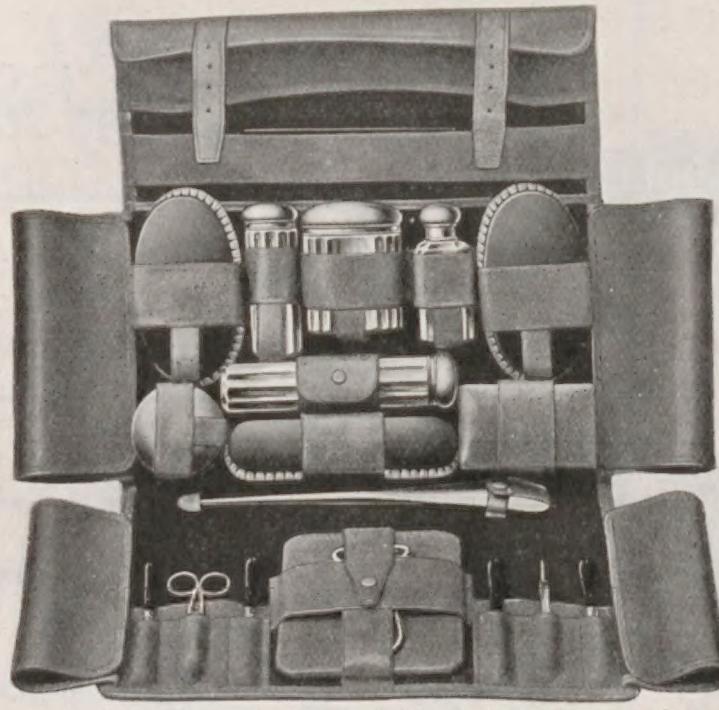


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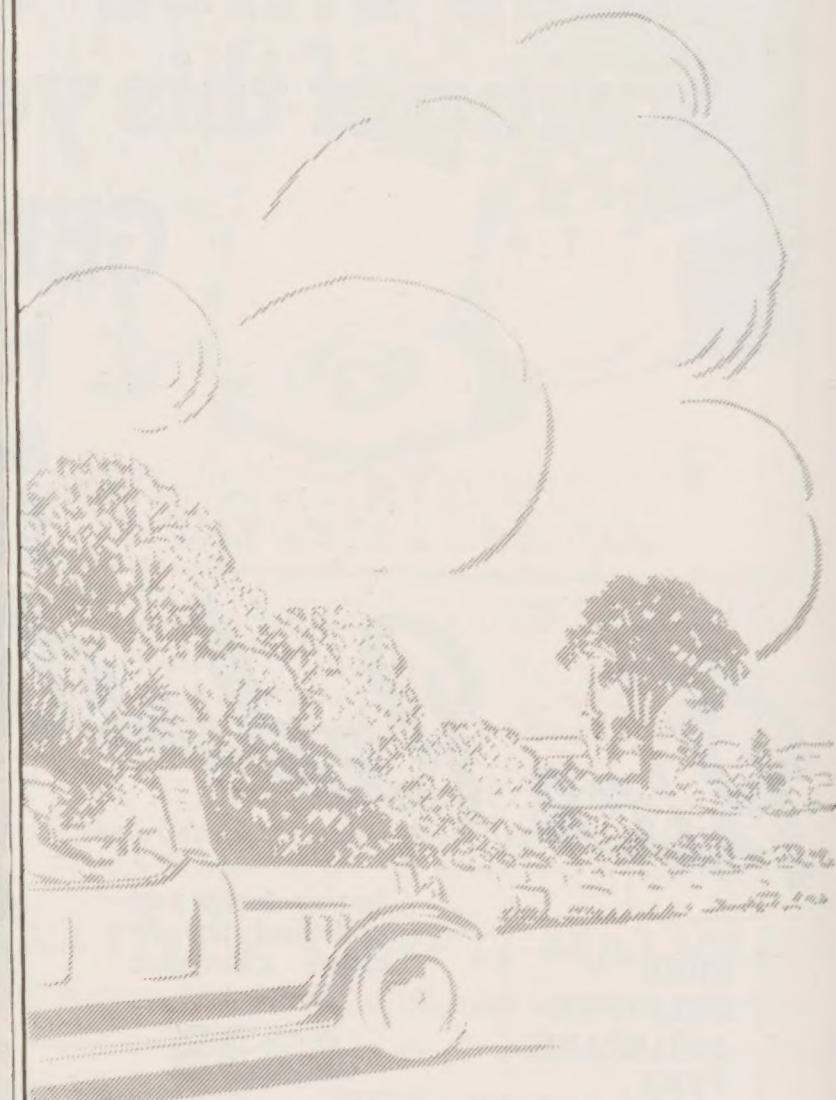
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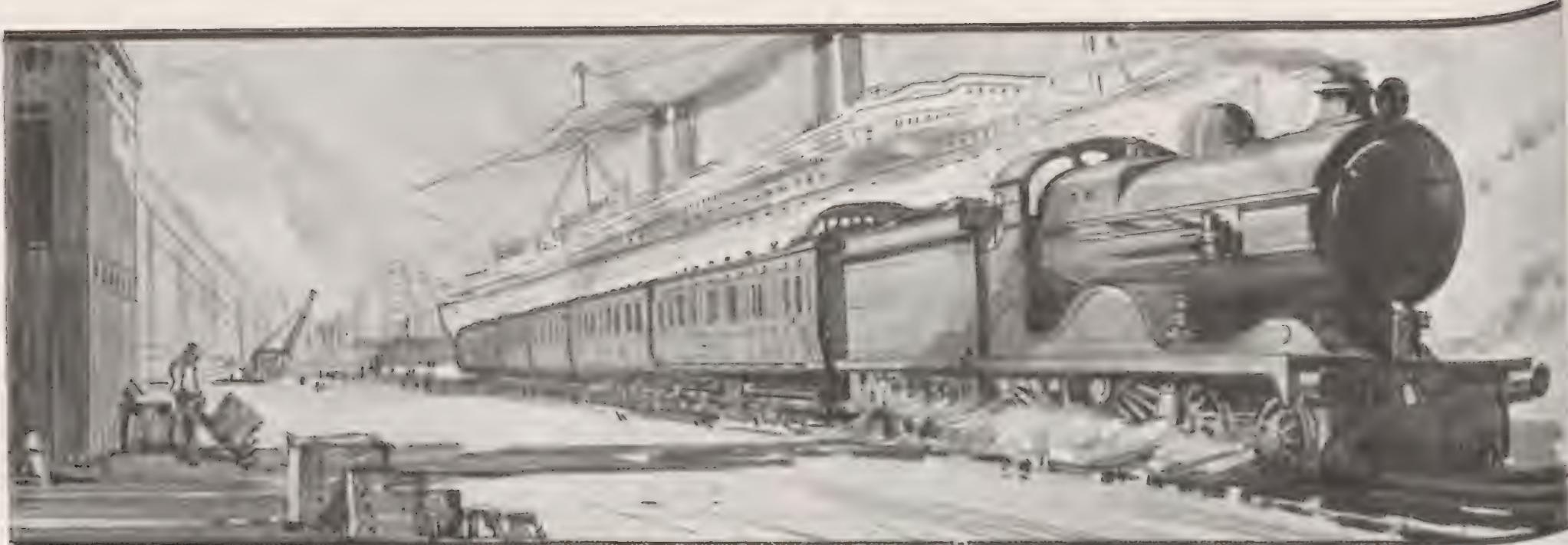
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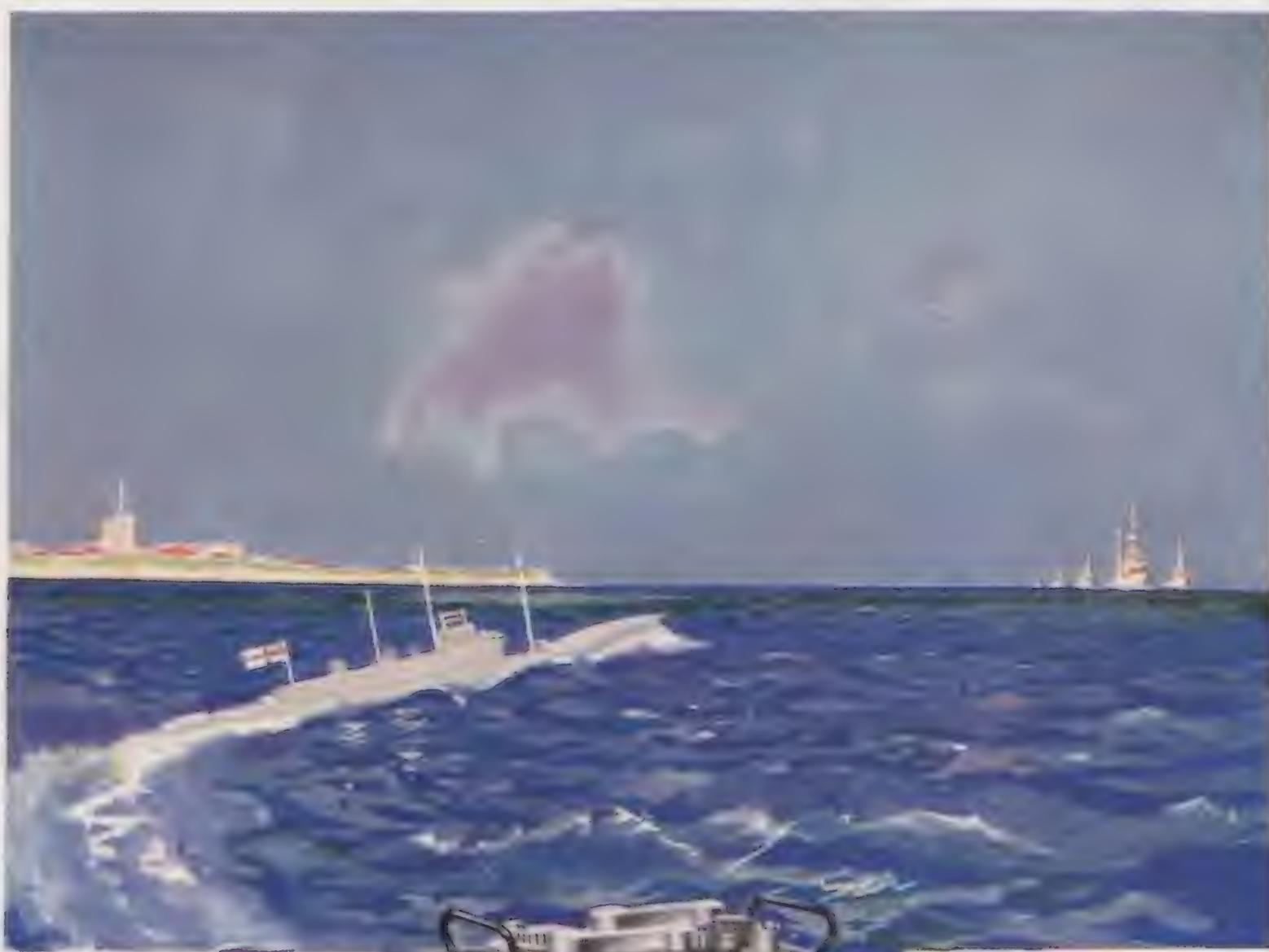
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THE MOTOR-OWNER

SEPTEMBER
1922

VOL. IV
NO. 40



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Subscriptions should be directed to the Publisher at the above address.
The Editor will be pleased to consider contributions of special interest to the car owner, provided they are of high quality and in every way suitable to the magazine. Short illustrated articles are preferred, dealing with any aspect of private motoring, either as regards touring or the home management of the car. First-class snapshots of roadside scenes or incidents are particularly desired. All photographs and sketches should be fully titled on the backs and bear the name and address of the sender.

Contributions should be addressed to the Editor of "The Motor-Owner," 10, Henrietta Street, W.C.2, and should be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope. While every effort will be made to return them if unsuitable, the Editor cannot hold himself responsible in case of loss or damage.

A F A V O U R I T E L E A D I N G L A D Y.



In addition to being a charming and highly emotional actress, Miss Dorothy Dix, the leading lady in "The Broken Wing," is a very keen motorist. She is seen above with her six-cylinder choice.

TO BRIGHTEN BROOKLANDS.

AFTER DUE REFLECTION.

"The Motor-Owner" considers Passing Events with an Open Mind.

A GOOD IDEA.

We consider the long races at Brooklands—such as the 200 miles events run off last month—the most valuable type that the track can effectively cope with. A car can be tuned up to perform wonders over a short stretch of, say, five or ten miles, and yet need considerable overhaul before doing another ten miles all out. That is not particularly helpful for the development of the breed. In fact one would remain within the bounds of reasonable argument when averring that it was rather the opposite way round. Such short bursts of speed may even be misleading. That is the prime reason why we pin our faith to the long events as of chief utility to the improvement of automobile design.

An unpleasant fact remains. These long races are the quintessence of monotony. To the onlooker at a distance, a car doing 100 m.p.h. round the track is about as exciting as one doing 45 m.p.h. on the open road. To watch 200 miles worth of lapping is about as deadly dull as any species of motor racing could well be.

We therefore cordially welcome a happy suggestion made to us by Mr. John Pugh, of Rudge-Whitworth, with a view to materially reducing the monotony of these Brooklands events. We yet more cordially welcome the idea because its adoption would add greatly to the utility of the race, and make more strenuous demands on the cars, thereby ensuring a measure of development perfection compatible with that necessitated by a long road event.

Briefly explained, the suggestion is as follows. The cars should start off as usual, but instead of merely careering round and round the outside ring of the track, they should proceed in the following manner. On completing each circuit, they should enter the "finishing" straight (as it is now known), the said straight being subdivided into two tracks. The cars would come up on the left and have to

slow down so as to take a hairpin corner at some point opposite the paddock. This hairpin corner would, of course, make them double back down the other division of the straight, and lead to a left hand hairpin bend back on to the outer circle of the track again.

To run in this way would immediately introduce a more strenuous and sporting element into the race. It would obviously also add materially to the strains imposed on the cars, thereby rendering the event of far greater utility to car development and of much greater value to the purchasing public. The idea appeals to us strongly. And like most clever suggestions, it is as simple as the proverbial A.B.C. In fact it is so simple and promising that one is compelled to look for any possible contra account.

Well, it is reasonable to suggest that an increased element of danger would be introduced. We do not think there is much "practical politics" in such an objection. It is conceivable, however, that the brakes of a car entering the straight might fail—thus raising the possibility of it running into another car on the outside track. It is very unlikely that both brakes would fail at the same time. In any case, a sand bag embankment could be thrown across the end of the straight to protect the outside track. It is also possible that passing in these sections of the straight might be prohibited as a further precaution. We are doubtful whether it would be necessary, so long as all the drivers were adequately experienced. There are many far more dangerous spots in the Grand Prix and Tourist Trophy events.

We commend this scheme to the consideration of the Junior Car Club and the Brooklands authorities. A 20 miles event, or, at a Bank Holiday meeting, a 50 miles race, run in this way, would possess many attractions. We should be pleased to present a handsome cup for such a race, to encourage the idea.

THE SOUTHSEA SPEED CARNIVAL.

The promoters of the Motor Races at the Southsea Carnival are to be congratulated on the great success which attended their efforts. The route was lined by thousands upon thousands of spectators, and hundreds upon hundreds of cars, and considering that it was a virgin effort, the organisation must not be too "critically criticised." Next year, no doubt, it will be nearer to that perfection which can truthfully say "without a hitch." We hope that a considerable sum was realised for the Mayor's Hospital Fund.

As our readers will remember, the chief item in the meeting was the race for the MOTOR-OWNER Challenge Cup. We take what we hope is justifiable pride in the fact that the entries for this event were enormous. There were considerably over a hundred entrants, though unfortunately the organisers found it essential to limit the number accepted to 50. To those primarily interested, the moral is obvious for next year. Get your entry form in by express post!

A GOLF STORM.

Quite a raging golf controversy has arisen over the question of the tree hazard. Elsewhere in this issue we give a selection of the letters we have received. As our golfing readers will be interested to notice, opinions vary quite materially. The letters published include the views of several leading exponents of the game—whose ability is of world-wide reputation—and also the opinions of some of the eighteen handicap type. All said and done, they are entitled to an opinion!

For our own part, we must confess that the balance of argument would appear to be against the tree as a hazard. It must essentially introduce an element of luck which is of more severe import than the normal luck happily epitomised in that well-known phrase "the rub of the green." And luck should have as little incidence as practicable in a game like golf.

THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE.

*A COMING CHANGE IN COACHWORK?**By Captain E. de Normanville.*

It is suggested in this article that the existing popularity of the open car will be a thing of the past in a few years. It is proverbially unwise to prophesy! Will this one prove false?

A NEW phase of motoring development appears to be on the horizon. Hitherto the luxury of the closed car has—generally speaking—been reserved for the benefit of those with long purses. The idea of a landaulet or saloon has not usually entered the head of the man who has to think carefully before purchasing any type of car. More or less automatically, he studied the open “touring” models in the various catalogues he selected as of interest. He saw the pretty pictures of the closed cars, but hardly troubled to look at them in detail. If he was a man of moderate means, he assumed from the outset that such luxury was beyond his purse strings.

In the past there has been ample justification in fact, for this state of affairs. I have been looking up some old catalogues (by “old” I mean “not current”) and the price quotations for closed models are really extravagant. If, for example, one was contemplating the purchase of a 15 h.p. Jones four-seater touring model at £500, an all-weather body on the same chassis would be £785—or some similarly fantastic figure. If, instead of the Jones, you thought of the Smith at £800, the saloon would be £1,250; and so on.

It is seen, therefore, that the man to whom money was a consideration was “trained” by circumstance only to think of motoring in terms of “standard touring models.” The luxury of the saloon or all-weather types was a luxury in all senses of the word—with emphasis on the financial aspect.

It should be noted that these differing prices are “nett” increases—not the actual price of the body in question. Thus on a £500 tourer “all complete” one was coolly asked another two or three hundred for a little extra “all complete” as typified by an all-weather body or a saloon.

There were two chief reasons for this state of affairs. In the first place, until quite recently the enclosed type of car was looked upon as a special job. Consequently no considerable quantities were produced, and such models were necessarily expensive. In the second place, coachwork of the enclosed type was always construed as luxurious—and the manufacturer took good care to reflect that attribute in the price.

And that state of affairs has held sway until quite recently. In fact, it had become such a habit that even when the manufacturer now finds that under changing conditions the very heavy increase is no longer warranted, he appears to be rather disappointed than gratified. But that phase has got to pass. Already it is

doing so. The American producer and some few British manufacturers are showing that these enormous price increases are not necessary—once you standardise the job. In passing I would like to give a word of praise to the Humber company for their splendid pioneer work, with their moderately priced and excellently finished saloon models. This has certainly shown the British public that it is not essential to spend a small fortune to possess a really good chassis and equally good enclosed-drive coachwork. If the job is standardised, it can be produced at a reasonable additional cost. Another good example of creditable effort in this direction is the Albert all-weather proposition, which proves what can be done when the manufacturer has the necessary enterprise to do it.

It will be seen, therefore, that we may now accept as a fact the possibility of producing standardised high-grade saloon or all-weather models at reasonable prices. I think we may also take it that the majority of motorists would prefer these types once they have experienced the luxury and comfort they provide.

Until recently I have not previously owned an enclosed type, so that I could not form any definite views of the respective charms of the different models under owner-driver conditions. I have quickly decided, however, that the interior drive is distinctly preferable. Nothing but a worse than normal stage of bank overdraft would lead me to purchase an open tourer again. With a well-designed all-weather you can get all the air you want. And, what is more important, you get it “nicely”; there is an ample supply, but no rush. By adjustment of the wind-screen opening and the side windows, you can suit the air requirements of the most fastidious.



OUR only excuse for perpetrating this appalling joke on you is that a reader has inflicted it on us. He says that it is a new game. He calls it the “Find the title photo Puzzle.” This, for example, he informs us, is “Let ‘er Box.” Unfortunately, it came anonymously—otherwise we should summons the sender for overtaxing human forbearance.

THAT STARRED HOTEL !

T A K I N G A S T E R - R I S K S .

(Or, *Steering by the Stars*).

By Fred Gillett.

WILL motorists, who have at any time suffered gladly the slings and arrows of outrageous hotel management, consider the millennium accelerated on reading this hopeful extract from the daily press ?

" Relief is at hand, however, in the announcements that a school of hotel-keeping has been opened in London."

For this " relief " much thanks—when it comes. But will it arrive by a scholastic routine ? There are a lot of good hotels and some bad ones. There probably always will be ; for is it not the bush that makes the good wine ? Meanwhile, pending the arrival of battalions of college-capped Bonifaces who have graduated in " Mods " and " Greats " (that is, moderate charges with great results), we must trust to our lucky or unlucky stars. That is, we must take risks.

Motorists are, of course, students of the stars—those scintillating asterisks which thickly stud the Road's Astronomy in the handbooks of our motoring associations, who help our choice of hostleries by hotel classification on a five-star basis. That is what I mean by taking asterisks.

I had written some astronomic verses about hotels. I will only fling a fragment of them at you. Imagine that night is falling, the way long, the wind cold, and that you are longing for food and drink (five-starred, infernal old). Here is the fragment :—

Last, the hotel with but one star
To anti-dazzle him whose car
Goes West when Phœbus' chariot
slumps.

That star's his best and only one.
As Venus to the setting sun,
It turns up like an " ace of trumps."
Homely, eh ? Though not so
monumental as Milton's line—
" ... had sloped his westering wheel."

When this promising new school for hotel-keepers has peopled all our towns and hamlets with Harry Prestons *in posse*, shall we find twenty-starred proprietors keeping one-starred

hotels, eleven-point-nine managers running five-starred Ritzes, and *vice versa*, and so on in all possible combinations and permutations of asterisky classification ? *Sic iter ad astra*. Let me inflict a few more metrical fragments on you!

There are hotels : there also are Hotels. That statement is a star To guide you in your search for what Is a hotel, five-starred or not. To satisfy a want long felt, You spot the landlord's three-starred belt

At " The Orion " or the vaster Belt at the two-starred " Pollux and Castor."

From this new school for turning out The perfect inn-keeper, no doubt, We'll soon see in the caterer's heaven The six-starred Boniface, the seven- And eight-starred class, with full certificates

Marked with First Magnitude's terrific eights.

I can foresee (in risky prophecy Surpass the Weather Prophet's Office I) Johnson and Jones two years from now Reaching, we'll say, *L'Hotel Highbrow*,

A large, outsize, rococo building With red-plush furniture and gilding. Here our two friends (I pre-mon-ish) Dine on cold soup and tepid fish, Spring chickens vulcanised, and juiceless

Joints, and an omelette quite useless, Except in general elections, By excellent-in-party sections.

Anon, conducted by sedate And plush-clad flunkeys to their state Bedrooms, they seek their cares to drown

Beneath silk quilts of eider-down. To sleep ?—Perchance to dream, mid damp

Sheets, of " The Luck of Roaring Camp."

Next morn they seek the landlord's den To beard him. (Beaver !) " Why, what, when,

Etcetera ? " The landlord grins ; Says he knows all the outs and ins

Of inns ; points proudly to a framed Scroll on the wall where he is named As having passed, an easy winner, His school exams. He's no beginner At cooking sheets or airing dinner.

Next night (I'm still prognosticating) Our travellers, anticipating Trouble, approach an old-world place Kept by an old-world Boniface. " Tell us," they say. " Let's know the worst !

Are you a Senior Double-First Wrangler in theoretic, tactical Hotel-keeping, but not in practical ? " No," Boniface replies. " I can't Say that my uncle and my aunt (Who brought me up from quite a lad In hotel work) much yearning had For education. They just taught

Me what I ought and didn't ought To do in running this quaint shack, A homely place with just a smack Of Dickens in its atmosphere,

And everything from beds to beer A r. This is the *Spotted Cow* If you want education, now, And don't mind things served anyhow, I recommend the *Hotel Highbrow* ! " " J'y suis. J'y reste," both travellers cry.

They dined and slept—the sheets were dry, The dinner good — although their caterer Was not a schooled matriculaterer.

Belgravia's hearts as true and fair May beat as those in lowlier air Of Seven Dials, Gilbert tells.

And so it is with starred hotels. For frequently *L'Hotel Highbrow* Is better than the *Spotted Cow* And *vice versa*. In these cases I rather fancy Bonifaces Are born not made (like poets are). That, Reader, is another star

To guide your searchful motor-car, When starry lamps begin to blink, Toward pillows aired and service brisk And Bonifaces who don't think One dines on devilled asterisk.

"THE 'SPIRIT' OF THE TIME SHALL TEACH ME SPEED."

B R O O K L A N D S - B Y T H E S E A .

The Southsea Speed Carnival proved a great success—so great, in fact, in relation to the chief item, the race for the "Motor-Owner" Challenge Cup, that the entries had to be cut down by some [60 per cent!]

CAN you imagine the "straight" of Brooklands track, considerably lengthened, and lined by thousands of faces, eagerly watching the speeds of the racing cars—from the little 9 h.p. Eric-Longden to the enormous Chitty-chitty-bang-bang—all driven by some of the most famous of racing men? Do so, and you have an excellent idea of the Southsea Speed Carnival track, the event which was held on Wednesday, August 23rd last. As happily voiced by one of the spectators, it was "Brooklands by the Sea." Men and cars were all Brooklands favourites, while the officials and time-keepers were also celebrities of the track.

Altogether there were nine races, and although the earlier events, the first of which ran at 11 a.m., proved rather "slow," affairs brightened materially as the larger cars made an appearance.

The fastest time of the day was recorded in the seventh race—unrestricted—by Count Zborowski on the great Chitty-chitty. There were other big cars in this event, however, including E. A. Eldridge's 180 h.p. Isotta-Fraschini; H. Barlow's 84 h.p. Big Benz, which, by the way, ran in rather



The Mayor of Portsmouth, at the Town Hall, congratulates Mr. Eric Longden, who, driving a 9 h.p. Eric-Longden car, won the 100 Guinea Motor-Owner Challenge Cup.

a disappointing manner; and several of the T.T. racing cars. The way in which the back-draught of the travelling cars carried with it quantities of paper which was lying about the roadway was highly amusing.

The main event of the day was the Open Race for the "MOTOR OWNER" 100 Guinea Challenge Cup. For this contest, which was confined to cars averaging not less than 50 miles per hour, there was an enormous entry list, so large indeed that many would-be runners had to be refused, the event being limited to fifty entrants. Big and little, there were forty-two starters, which naturally made the task of handicapping, carried out by Mr. T. D. Dutton, a tremendous task. Throughout the race, which resulted in a win for the Eric-Longden, driven by Mr. Eric Longden himself, the greatest enthusiasm was shown. Mr. Longden will hold the Challenge Cup for one year, as it is proposed to make the event an annual affair.

The meeting was held under the Competition Rules of the Royal Automobile Club, and many officials, including Sir Julian Orde, were present.



Count Zborowski, on the Chitty-chitty-bang-bang, in the race for cars of unrestricted engine size made the fastest time of the day.

CARS IN THE CARNIVAL CONTEST.



(Above) With his usual spurt, Capt. Frazer Nash jumped away at the start. J. A. Joyce, however, caught and passed him, and, incidentally recorded the fastest time in the open race for racing cars up to 1,600 c.c.



(Above) Raymond Mays on the Bugatti awaiting the signal to start. He recorded third in the race for standard sports models up to 1,600 c.c. Sir Julian Orde, representing the R.A.C., was present and witnessed the start of all the competitors.



(Below) A. Barlow, on the 8.4 h.p. Benz, finished third in the event for cars of unrestricted engine size. The Big Benz, however, ran in rather a disappointing manner, misfiring nearly the whole distance.

(Below) The big Isotta-Fraschini, driven by Mr. E. A. Eltridge, came home second in the race for cars of unrestricted size, and his time for the 1 kilometre was 32 seconds: he got away very well.

(Above) F. C. Clement, on the 15.9 Bentley, finishing the open race for cars up to 3,000 c.c., in which he made the second fastest time. This event was won by Mr. M. C. Park, driving a three-litre Vauxhall



ROADS IN THE U.S.A. ARE GOOD, BAD—AND WORSE.

MY MOST INTERESTING MOTORING EXPERIENCES.

Sir John Foster Fraser, the famous Traveller and well-known Journalist, chats of Motoring and Travel in other Lands in an Interview with Mr. Clive Holland.

IT is more years than we care to remember since we first met Sir John Foster Fraser, boyish, enthusiastic and just fresh back from his trip round the world of something approaching 19,000 miles on a bicycle. The journey made him famous, and wider travel and adventure in many lands has served to establish his reputation as a born—may we say “inveterate”—traveller, a keen observer, and a writer of wonderful versatility.

It is difficult, indeed, to say where he has not been, or to pitch on a place N., S., E. or W. which he has not visited. And his dozen or more travel books, with such engaging titles as *Red Russia*, *The Real Siberia*, *Panama and What it Means*, *Pictures from the Balkans*, form a travel library of themselves.

One thing he has preserved in a marked degree, and that is his freshness of outlook and his ability to convey in a telling phrase as much as some writers can contrive in a page.

During the latter stages of the War he was in America on a special mission connected with propaganda, and after the Armistice remained in the States for some considerable time lecturing. Recently he returned; and, in a long chat with him over old times as well as new, we found him little changed by the passage of the years of war, and full of just the kind of interesting travel talk that leaves a distinct impression of men and places upon the mind of the listener.

“Strangely enough,” he said over the inevitable after-lunch cigar and coffee—Sir John, with “pawky” humour, for he is a Scotsman, only admits in *Who's Who* to having one recreation, smoking—“all my most thrilling motoring experiences have taken place not in Siberia, Manchuria, ‘Red’ Russia, or Morocco, that land of veiled women, but in that most civilised of motoring coun-

tries—where nearly everyone motors and owns a car of some kind or another—the United States.”

“Of course,” he added, “one cannot knock about Europe, using cars to link up badly arranged train and other services, and to get to places at which trains do not go, without having thrills. One may get quite good ones on Alpine roads with a bad driver at the wheel; in the rutty roads of the Pyrenees, and over the mountain passes of the Carpathians. But the thrills have been very ordinary that I have experienced there, and my most hair-raising have been over the roads, so-called, of the wild and woolly West, of which I will tell you presently.”

Sir John Foster Fraser is a firm

believer in the future of motor transport—chiefly because of its great mobility—in the development of the resources of young and comparatively undeveloped countries. He also believes in touring motoring as a means of inter-communication of ideas between the various nations. Personally he is a motorist, as he explains, “when I want to get anywhere, and not merely for pleasure. In a busy life I have had little opportunity for travel with the mere object of passing the time or of pure enjoyment. Perhaps the best holiday in the year that I ever get is when I slip off to Switzerland, St. Moritz generally, at the end or beginning of the year for winter sports.”

He admits that his travelling has usually been of the “hustling” order; and one realises in conversation with him the amazing quickness of observation which has enabled him to present so vividly and in such comparatively small compass facts and impressions of the various countries (some thirty in number) through which he has travelled. Modern journalism, he declares, does not allow one much time for detailed study of questions. The man who can size up a thing accurately in the quickest possible time is the man whose opinions the general public want to hear and know.

In Russia's possibilities of development Sir John, since his various travels in that vast and little-developed land in pre-war times, has great faith. But perhaps many years must now elapse ere nations of Western Europe will derive any great material benefit from the vast mineral and other wealth which remains to be discovered. In his *The Real Siberia*, one gets a hint of the possibilities of a land which to the ordinary man in the street spells nothing more than ice and snow, desolation and unproductiveness.



Sir John Foster Fraser, who recounts in this interview his views and experiences on motoring and automobile travels

"ILLUMINED WITH FLUID GOLD."



THOUGH the fading British summer "set in with its usual severity" there are places where the sun really does shine—as these photographs prove. The picture at the top shows a sunlit street scene in Algeria—the land of veiled women. Below on the right is a happy trio of Bulgarian children. Though you would hardly think so, the left-hand picture is a main street! It is in Tchangteh, China.



AUDIENCES SPRING FROM NOWHERE. TRAFFIC CONTROL.

Sir John holds strong views regarding the ultimate possibility of Germany acquiring a predominant interest in many Russian commercial undertakings, and that England might do much ultimately to help Russia to restabilisation and development.

"I have, as you well know," he remarked, "a pretty wide experience of the United States and the general conditions which have prevailed over there in pre-war times, during the war, and since the war. I know America from the New England States to California. In a word, it is a vast motoring country. Almost everyone seems to own or use a car. And, mind you, that is why mass production and low cost is possible in the States to an extent it never can be over here. With a population of over 100 millions to draw upon, and the inherent love animating all classes of the community for comfort, convenience, and mechanical appliances, there is a vast field, indeed, for motor enterprise. And let me say at once that the Ford car is not only one of the handiest, most reliable, and universal of vehicles, but is so cheap that an errand-boy can almost afford to own one."

"I have been thousands of miles in Fords, and over roads that would make a British motorist, who has no experience of the States, turn pale. The 'dirt' roads of some States—chiefly the Western—are bad beyond any conception, and yet I have ploughed along them in a Ford during my various lecturing tours with the mud up almost to the axles."

"Where did my audiences come from in the Far West? Goodness only knows. But they did come, probably from a radius of fifty miles or more round the isolated towns. And many a time I've seen some hundreds of cars of all shapes and sizes and makes 'parked' outside the so-called Town Hall, or (this more often than not) 'tent' which had been erected for my lecture."

"And some of those Western audiences were fine. They got right on to the subject, and listened in a way that one felt was a real compliment. Of course, sometimes they would express their approval of any statement made, or the reverse, in a 'breezy' manner. But I liked my Western audiences; and I think they liked me." The speaker smiled.

"Now tell us something of the worst or most thrilling experience you had. And then something about the

kind of motoring, roads, and conditions prevailing in the States," we said.

"I had some narrow squeaks in the Rockies. The roads blasted out of the mountain side sometimes run along the edges of precipices which put Alpine passes in the shade. But one somehow gets accustomed to contemplating a possible plunge down five or six hundred feet with equanimity, when one has 'fly walked' the sides of canyons. More than once it was a near thing; and I confess that my heart was in my mouth as they say."

"But, perhaps, after all, being lost and plugging through the mud on a Prairie track with the probability that the car will turn a somersault and plant one 'beyond recall' in four or five feet of mud, head downwards, is the most thrilling motoring experience one can get in the States. More than once I had to start away into the night after a lecture along such a track (to call it a road would be a misnomer) immediately after coming off the platform. Literally one could not know for certainty whether the car would survive till the next stage; or whether one would be posted missing, and a flowery account of one's tragic death appear in the Sunday editions of the New York and Chicago papers."

"About roads in general," we queried.

"The U.S.A. is a vast country," was the reply; "naturally one gets the very worst and very best of most things in it. And this certainly applies to roads. In the middle States and elsewhere one gets a lot of concrete roads, good surface but with strips left between the sections or blocks to allow for contraction and expansion. If this was not done the roads would buckle in hot weather, and become impassable for ordinary motor traffic."

"In my opinion the best roads in the world are those in the State of New York. In New York City they have an excellent rule of dimming all headlights. The streets are so brilliantly lighted that there is no difficulty in seeing one's way without the flaring headlights so universal over here. In the country there is also a wise rule to dim all headlights on approaching cross roads, and I am sure that many bad smashes are avoided by this. I have had several close calls myself at cross roads, which but for the dimming of the lights would have been bad smashes. Over there, too, one has

to *keep* to the right, and also give the preference of the road to the car coming on the right. If you work out a diagram of cross roads, with the usual finger or indicating post in the centre, you will see how simply and well this system works. One must go out round the post, if that means keeping to the right, instead of turning sharp up or down a road."

"Traffic control in the cities, especially in New York, is wonderfully worked. It is run on very definite lines. There is one road in, and another road out. At theatre time at night there is a road by which all cars and traffic must approach the theatres, and another by which they must leave the neighbourhood of the theatres. Cars are 'parked' in the centre of the streets in diagonal ranks, not end on to one another as with us. This allows of a car getting away right to the spot it wants to reach without the same confusion and muddle that one often sees in London and other European cities. But a car must go right along, and round the head of the rank before running alongside the kerb if that is necessary to ensure its keeping to the rule of the road."

"On the whole, I am of the opinion that traffic is better organised in New York than in London, and that the New York police control it better than do ours. But—and it is an important one—in emergency work our men are certainly the smarter and better. I will back them if a tangle does occur to beat their New York prototypes at getting it quickly sorted out."

Sir John told us also of the better feeling prevailing regarding England among the higher classes of Americans. Indeed, he thinks that the serious attempt to reconcile Ireland has made a deep impression upon the thinking classes of true Americans.

Not without a flash of humour does he assert that there is plenty of room for developing the motoring instinct in America, "while over here one cannot go very far or very fast without some risk (as an American once said) of running over the edge."

"I quite expect," he added in conclusion, "that there will be an increasing difficulty in competing with American mass production in the matter of cars. And mere standardisation over here cannot in itself help us much, because the possible car-owning population is a small one compared with that of the United States."

DOES RACING STILL SERVE A USEFUL PURPOSE?

THRILLS IN THE 200 MILES RACE.

Motorists are on occasion tempted to query the utility of racing. The number and variety of the mechanical failures in this event seem to supply an adequate answer to such a question. The point yet remains as to whether such races could not be made more useful and spectacular. We deal with that possibility on pages 3 and 16.

AT Brooklands on Saturday, August 19th last, the Junior Car Club held their second annual 200-miles race, under most ideal conditions. The race, actually, was divided into two parts, the first event being for cars with a cubic capacity not exceeding 1,100 c.c., and the second for those up to 1,500 c.c. The weather was glorious, the crowd great, and the enthusiasm and excitement which prevailed throughout the day most pronounced.

By winning the 1,500 c.c. event, the Talbot-Darracq succeeded in repeating its success in last year's race. Although the average speeds this year were not as good as in the 1921 meeting, the winning driver, K. Lee Guinness, averaged 88·06 m.p.h., and timed 2 hours 17 minutes 37 seconds for the complete distance. G. C. Stead, on an Aston Martin, came home second, and his average was 86·33 m.p.h., being approximately 3 minutes longer than K. Lee Guinness : and with only 2 minutes interval between him and the second man, H. O. D. Seagrave rushed home third, averaging 85·55 m.p.h.

A more exciting start at Brooklands has never before been witnessed—it was amazing! Upon the dropping of the flag at 2 p.m., there was a terrifying shriek of exhausts, and one car, the Aston Martin, driven by Kensington Moir, easily "walked away" from the rest. The driver, a popular favourite, was seen to smile as he shot past the pits, a smile of satisfaction and calmness. His lead, fully 100 yards at the start, was trebled on his completion of the first lap, and the speed at which he flew past the judge's box was met with



Kenelm Lee Guinness, the winner of the 200 Miles Race (1,500 c.c. event). He averaged 88·06 m.p.h., and timed 2 hrs. 17 mins. 37 secs. for the complete distance.

deafening applause from the spectators. He was splendid!

Chassagne, on the Talbot Darracq (1), was not so fortunate, for he was

left at the start some time after the remainder had shot away, owing to his engine stopping. He quickly followed, however, but in the fifth lap he called at the pits, and this visit was followed by quite a number of "calls." He seemed to be most unlucky, for the car he drove—incidentally the one which overturned in the Isle of Man Tourist Trophy Races—seemed to be playing a "game" with him. His luck was dead out, for just as he appeared to be settling down he met with a most unpleasant accident. While travelling at great speed towards the Byfleet banking his offside front cover burst, and the car rushed to the top of the bank, turned round, throwing both Chassagne and his mechanic on to the track, and then ran backwards over the top, eventually coming to rest in the bushes beyond. Save for some very nasty scratches, neither of the occupants was seriously hurt, but when Chassagne came into the pits, on the pillion of one of the travelling marshal's motor-cycles he was somewhat shaky. His shoes, we were informed, were actually torn off his feet as he was thrown out.

No doubt the speed set by Kensington Moir was indirectly the cause of the Talbot-Darracq's pit visits, for he forced the pace amazingly. His performance, however, only lasted for seven laps—and seven really fast laps—at the end of which, owing to magneto trouble, he had to retire. This was a great pity, for his start was brilliant, and, but for the fact that he was unable to complete the race, he would undoubtedly have been credited with the fastest lap of the day—at a speed of 99 m.p.h.—whereas the award, the T.B. André Challenge Cup, went to Guinness, who finished



Owing to his engine stopping, Jean Chassagne, on Talbot-Darracq (5), was left on the line for some time after the remainder had shot away. The mechanic is seen jumping back to his seat after re-starting the engine.

NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVES THE RECORD.



Above :
After a lap o great speed,
Capt. F. Nash broke a piston.
He did not retire, however, but
making a record repair he re-
entered the race, and during
some extremely fast laps cap-
tured the 50 Mile Record.



Below :
Salmson (6) refilling at the pits.
Devaux, the driver, was second
in the 1,100 c.c. race, and timed
only two minutes longer than
the winner. M. Lombard, the
famous French driver, to whose
orders the team ran, is seen
standing on the pit bench.

Above :
Considerable interest was taken
in Mr. Hawkes Morgan (2).
This three-wheeler, when travel-
ling, aroused great surprise by
its enormous speed. It was one
of the favourites, but, unfortu-
nately, it did not finish the race.

Below :
For some reason the Salmson
drivers were particularly inter-
ested in Mr. Ware's Morgan.
The illustration shows one of
the drivers with his mechanic
summing it up—but what was
in their minds? Was it mere
interest or—what?

Mr. Percy Bradley, the organiser of the race, gives last-moment instructions, and explains the uses of the different flags to the drivers and mechanics.



ONE CARBURETTER BETTER THAN TWO?



Above:
L. Cushman (on the Bugatti) drove into the pits with one of the carburetors hanging. Replacing the double carburation system by a "single," taken from an ordinary touring model, he drove faster than before.



Above:
Capt. A. G. Millar, on the Wolseley, who finished 12th, stops to refill. He also slowed up at the pits on another occasion, sportsmanlike, to shout the news of Chassagne's unfortunate mishap to the officials.



Below:
Mr. G. C. Stead (Aston Martin), who finished second, only three minutes after K. L. Guiness (Talbot-Darracq), passing over the line on the completion of his 73rd lap. He was received with well-merited cheers.

Last-moment peeps and adjustments to the engines of the Talbot-Darracqs. In the picture, also, is seen the newly-built grand stand.

Below:
A battle between H. O. D. Seagrave on the Talbot-Darracq (7) and Count Zborowski on the Aston Martin (1). Battles between these two makes were most frequent. This one resulted in a win for Seagrave.



GOING OVER THE TOP—AT SPEED!

with a record lap speed of 95·78 m.p.h.

The Bugattis repeated their last year's performance of regularity and speed, and their exclusive "howls" were just as distinct. At the 33rd lap Cushman, on the Bugatti (1), came into the pits with a carburettor hanging and with the induction pipe clean broken. He was delayed approximately 25 minutes, during which time he removed the damaged parts and replaced a single carburettor, which was taken from an ordinary touring model, and when he re-entered the race his speed was even greater than before. In spite of his long delay he finished 5th with an average speed of 76·63 m.p.h. His companion car, the Bugatti (2), driven by B. S. Marshall, followed him approximately 4 minutes later, with an average of 74·74 m.p.h.

The third lap saw the withdrawal of the first A.C., driven by Kaye Don, although both he and Joyce, the driver of the second A.C., had to call at the pits after the first lap. And then in the 16th, owing to lubrication trouble, J. A. Joyce, the remaining A.C. driver, had to retire altogether.

The only competitor to complete



Marks on the track showing Chassagne's skid on the Talbot-Darracq before the car shot over the top of the bank.

the 73 laps without calling at the pits for repairs or replenishments was Mr. G. C. Stead, driving Aston-Martin (3). He lapped most consistently. The remaining Aston-Martin, driven by Count Zborowski, retired in the eighth circuit with a broken valve, one lap after Kensington Moir's withdrawal.

Lubrication trouble was also the cause of Major W. Oates retiring—after a steady run—in the 16th lap, and Wolfe Barnato, with a cracked cylinder on his Enfield Allday, retired about the same time. The two remaining Enfield Alldays, which recorded "fourth" and "retired," were driven by J. T. Chance and A. C. Bertelli respectively. In one of the laps, Mr. Chance told us after the meeting, he thought "the last chance for Chance" had arrived. He happened to be very close behind Seagrave when the Talbot-Darracq burst a tyre, and only by a narrow margin was he able to miss the skidding car.

Seagrave, as usual, was one of the favourites, and the way in which he drove over the same line, lap after lap, proves how well he knows every inch of the track, for this is a regular performance of his.

In the 1,100 c.c. race, which began at 8.30 a.m., there were 15 starters, including teams of three G.N.'s, three Salmsons, three Morgans, a Bleriot-Whippet, an A.V., an Eric Longden, two Crouch's and a newcomer, the K.R.C., but out of these, eight were compelled to retire long before the finish. The race, which, taken altogether, was rather a poor show, was more or less a competition in pit work. In the end it proved to be a battle between the Salmson and G.N. teams. They literally "worried each other,"

and the finish resulted in the former taking first and second places and the latter third, fourth and fifth—the G.N.'s, incidentally, being the only complete team to finish the race.

At the start Captain Fraser Nash, on G.N.3, shot away in fine style, easily taking the lead. The remainder quickly gathered speed; but two of the Morgans, driven by H. Martin and D. Hawkes respectively, experienced trouble in starting. Martin was late, but Hawkes had to run straight into the pits to change his plugs, and then on the completion of his first lap he came in with a "wobbly" wheel. When he did get going, however, he put up a wonderful performance, travelling at tremendous speed considering his car was a "three-wheeler."

Nash's splendid start did not prove of very great service, as before he completed the first lap he was overtaken by M. Benoist on Salmson (5), who flashed past the grandstand in a thrilling manner. The G.N.'s were not far behind, however, for Nash and Godfrey were "hanging on" to the Salmson's tail. The speed of these competitive cars was most exciting. From the first it was plainly visible that the French and English drivers



Jean Chassagne, whose terrible experience is related by picture and par. He seemed upset only because his shoes were torn from his feet—the only "serious" injury he suffered.



How Chassagne's derelict car ended up. Neither occupant was injured, yet both were shot out of the car as it twisted round, leaving driver and mechanic on top of the track.

HOW THE SMALL CARS FARED.

were determined to outpace their rivals.

During the third lap Mr. C. Pressland's mechanic had to sprint back over a mile to the pits for some rubber tubing with which to repair a broken petrol pipe on Crouch (2). Evidently one must be a good runner to be a good racer, for after the two-mile sprint the mechanic seemed in not the slightest degree fatigued.

A very smart piece of driving was the passing of Salmson (4) by Walker on the G.N. He caught up M. Bueno in front of the pits, and with splendid acceleration gained a lead on him of over 40 yards.

For its first appearance, the K.R.C., driven by Mr. W. D. Merchant, did remarkably well. This car was fitted with a two-cylinder water-cooled Blackburn engine with overhead valves and ran on Hutchinson tyres. Merchant had to give up, however, at the fourteenth lap on account of the water joint melting. Apart from its lapping in rather a "bouncy" fashion, the K.R.C.'s performance was very noteworthy.

An amusing incident was the way in which "Chunky-Chunky" (the nickname of the Eric Longden) and



The winner of the 1,100 c.c. race—M. Benoist on Salmson (2)—snapped at the finish. His performance was highly meritorious.

the Bleriot-Whippet, with Captain A. Peaty driving, kept each other company. For several laps they travelled round at a remarkably even pace, just as though a mechanical connection existed between them.

After a while Nash again obtained the lead, and for several laps he was driving quite alone with the remainder following in a bunch about half a mile behind. Unfortunately, in the twentieth lap he was forced into the pits with a broken piston, and here he performed a very smart repair. Entirely dismantling the engine, he proceeded to replace the broken parts; but although he finished his task in record time—just over half an hour—the delay lost him any chance of winning, for his rivals, the Salmsons, had gained too great an advantage. However, the sportsman that he is, for the sake of the spectators, he refused to retire, and re-entering the race he drove some very fast laps, during which he captured the "50-mile record." His time for the 200 miles, including the delay, was 3 hours 13 minutes 34 seconds, which gave him an average of 62·60 m.p.h.—a wonderfully sporting achievement.

In addition to the efficient repair just referred to, there were other examples of smart pit work. Take the case of one of the Salmsons, which came in to change a wheel: before the car had stopped the mechanic was on the track, and immediately it ceased to move he turned his back to the tail of the car and lifted the rear axle with his hands, the jack being placed into position at the same time by the driver. From the moment the car stopped until it was off again there

was a delay only of approximately 45 seconds.

The Morgans, in addition to making none too good a start, put up a most unfortunate performance, frequently visiting the pits, while at one period they were out of the race entirely—one had retired, and the remaining two were under adjustments. But great credit is due to Hawkes (Morgan (11)), for, when he was lapping, he made a most conspicuous display of speed, driving extremely fast. The twenty-fifth lap, however, saw the withdrawal of the last Morgan.

Devaux, on the Salmson (3), made a spectacular pass. He caught up a trio (the Crouch (1), Eric Longden and G.N. (3)), and after a smart piece of turning, passed them on the inside, and left all three behind.

M. Bueno, driving the Salmson (1), was forced to retire in the fortieth lap. His overflow pipe, for some reason, had become blocked, and as a result of the high steam pressure the water-jacket was severely cracked. It was really remarkable how well these cars held the track, for while most seemed to be always on the bounce, the Salmsons appeared to be tied down.



G. C. Stead (Aston-Martin), on the banking at full speed. He was the only competitor who finished the 200 miles without calling at the pits either for repairs or replenishments.



Another battle between the Talbot-Darracqs and the Aston-Martin. The picture shows Lee Guinness and H. O. D. Seagrave being chased by Count Zborowski at the finish of the first lap.

A NOTICEABLE FEATURE OF THE RACE.

The average speed of the winner, M. Benoist (Salmson (2)), was 81.88 m.p.h., and his time for the 200 miles was, 2 hours, 29 minutes, 39 seconds. M. Devaux, on the Salmson (3), made an average of 80.14 m.p.h., and timed approximately two minutes longer than the winner; and by completing the distance in 2 hours, 42 minutes, 52 seconds, with an average of 74.44 m.p.h., H. R. Godfrey, on G.N. (2), came home third. He was quickly followed by Walker and Nash on the remaining G.N.'s, averaging 71.87 m.p.h. and 62.60 m.p.h. respectively. As was anticipated, the race proved a close fight between these two makes.

A noticeable feature of the race was the apparently unnecessary high climbing of the banking by the Members' Bridge. Each car, instead of keeping as near to the base as its speed would allow, seemed to try for the highest spot.

Regarding the organisation of the meeting, this was more or less perfect. In case of accidents, every precaution was taken, and every attention ready, even to Very-light rifles being carried by the travelling marshals—Mr. F. W. Barnes, Mr. T. G. Simpson and Mr. W. B. Reeve; and a motor fire-engine was also present. Fortunately, these precautionary measures proved unnecessary.

Final instructions, warnings, and explanations as to the meanings of the different signals, in the form of various coloured flags, were issued to drivers and their mechanics by Mr. A. Percy Bradley, the organiser of the meeting, immediately prior to each race. A red flag indicated the disqualification of the car whose number was shown, and cautions to drivers were signalled by showing the green flag. Had it been necessary, for any reason, to stop the race, this was to have been ordered by the waving of a yellow flag, and a chequered black-and-white flag was used to signal the finish of the race to each competitor on his concluding lap.

Unlike previous big meetings, the catering arrangements were quite satisfactory. There was no waiting, and plenty of refreshments were obtainable, but most people had brought provisions with them, for all the "comfy corners" were occupied by picnicking parties.

A GOOD IDEA!

*I*N the course of conversation with Mr. John Pugh—of Rudge-Whitworth fame—a happy suggestion was made. Said he, "I think the speeds of these small cars are simply phenomenal! But to obtain the right impression of their performances, one should know something about the cars, otherwise one might just as well watch the hands go round the face of a clock."

"You know, in my opinion, these races could be made much more interesting. At present they are far too monotonous! With a little alteration to the course—the construction of two hair-pin bends—I think a much greater interest could be added. What I would suggest is a right-hand hair-pin bend towards the end of the finishing straight, and then a parallel track down the straight again, followed by a left-hand hair-pin bend on to the outer track at the fork or near the Vickers sheds. This would give an opportunity for some clever driving—it would mean shutting off the engine, of course, and would require smart corner work. Consequently such a race would be much more interesting from the spectators' point of view. Oh, no! I don't think the alterations would make the present track unsafe. Not at all; in fact I wonder it hasn't been done before."

In spite of an extra charge of 5s., and the fact that it was still in the possession of an army of carpenters, the new grand-stand, built just inside the fork and immediately behind the pits, was freely patronised.

BIG AND LITTLE CARS.

*D*R. A. M. LOW also had a few words to say: "It is still strange to me that for a car costing £600—which is not excessive for a small racer—to run for 2½ hours 'all out' should be considered marvellous!"

"The small engine is wonderful only when its top speed possibilities are compared with those of a larger engine."

"If lasting power, maintenance of time, and comfort with other parts of the car are not also comparable with the larger engine, the result will be that more time must elapse before the ordinary small engine comes into its own. In short distance racing, special parts, super-light and very easily made pistons, are apt to give false impressions as they give results which are then compared by the public with larger cars. The larger cars can usually maintain 'time' much better."

"No doubt this state of affairs will not last for long, but at the moment the need of the small car is long distance races, such as the 200 Miles Race, rather than sprints, in order to improve by natural selection."

"An engine which cannot run for 2½ hours 'all-out' is far from exemplifying finality of design."

A MORE USEFUL SCHEME.

Whilst we welcome the utility of races of this description, we are tempted to wonder whether they could not be re-arranged so as to be of yet greater service to the good of the cause. It may be stated without fear of contradiction that the road race as run in France and other countries is the ideal combination of sport and utility. It calls into practical trial every single factor of car construction. The participating in a 200 miles race at Brooklands is undoubtedly an arduous test. One has only to consider the number and variety of the failures to appreciate just how arduous it is.

But many important factors in car construction remain substantially untested. Take, for example, the gearbox. Beyond the use it receives when "getting away," it might as well be left at home. Once the car is in the swing of full-speed ahead, the gearbox ceases to function—beyond the running of ball bearings, which, barring accidents, are now thoroughly known and understood fitments. Then, again, the brakes might just as well be left at home for all the testing they get. They may be used once or twice for slowing down at the pits—but wooden blocks and a piece of rope would do for it.

The road race scores abundantly over Brooklands in the utility side of the balance—let alone the spectacular standpoint.

So we are of opinion that if the suggestion for altering Brooklands (see pages 3 & 16) were to be adopted, the utility of a race on the track would far more closely approximate to the utility of a road race. Brakes, gearboxes, steering, tyres and engine acceleration would all be as strenuously tested as they are in the Grand Prix or T.T. event. And that is the type of test which does most to improve the breed. And the improvement of the breed is what we all seek.

Then, again, the spectacular effect would be markedly improved. The deadly dull monotony of car careering round and round would be turned into a spectacle of never ceasing interest. On these various counts we cordially recommend the idea—which appeals to us—to the careful consideration of the powers that be.

200 MILES J.C.C. RACE

AT BROOKLANDS, AUG. 19, 1922

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3rd Talbot-Darracq

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THE HOME OF EMPIRE-BUILT CARS

IF somebody offers to wager that you cannot say where all the American cars are made, it is probable, unless you are an extraordinarily moral and law-fearing person, that you will accept the wager and answer : " In America."

Then you will smile in the fascinating manner which adds so greatly to your charms when you think you have said something clever, and hold out your hand for the money.

If you do these things you will realise that those who do not follow the straight and narrow path meet many undulations. You will find that you have lost your bet. The question is a " catch " designed to entrap the " smart " motorist who desires to win enough money to cover his fines and taxes.

All " American " cars are *not* made in America. Many thousands of those which are imported into Great Britain, and are commonly described as " American cars " have never been in the United States. They have been manufactured within the British Dominions. The men who have made them are subjects of our King, many of the materials used are of British origin, these Empire built cars are imported by British ships, and they are assembled and tested in England by English mechanics.

This knowledge may compensate you for the loss of a small bet, even if you do not succeed in winning your money back from the next motorist you meet, as you will if you are wise, because very few have yet learned that there is now a great organisation, capitalised to the extent of nearly £6,000,000, for the manufacture of cars in Canada for the British market.

If you paid a visit to one of the great Canadian factories, you would feel quite at home, for you would find that most of the workers are of British descent, and that many of them have left England in recent times to settle there. You would find, however, many things that would surprise you. Instead of seeing cars produced in comparatively small quantities, as they are in England, you would see the wonderful organisation for rapid production evolved in the United States and transplanted to Canada. If you studied these methods you would begin to understand why it is that these Canadian built cars can be sent to Great Britain and to all parts of Europe and sold at prices which in many cases seem extraordinarily low, although the skilled British-Canadian workers employed in these factories receive wages on a higher scale than those which are paid in England.



All boxed up—but somewhere to go!

THE HOME OF EMPIRE-BUILT CARS



Starting on the transformation scene.

Before you could fully understand the amazing organisation which has made these things possible you would have to realise that the Canadian factories are part of the great General Motors Corporation which controls the largest car-producing plants in the world. These manufacturing plants are located in 35 different cities in Canada and the United States. They are contained in 1,500 buildings on 2,000 acres of land. The total floor space amounts to 32,000,000 sq. ft., and if you wished to make a tour of one of the individual factories composing the group you would have to walk through more than six miles of shops.

If these figures are so big that they do not convey any meaning to you, you may like to ponder over the facts that since 1909 the General Motors Corporation has produced 2,500,000 passenger and commercial cars, and that out of the 10,500,000 cars now in the United States, one out of every six is a General Motors product. The assets of the Corporation are placed at the awe-inspiring sum of £116,543,600.

* * *

We have put in a double row of stars at this point in order that you may take

breath. You may like to play with these figures, and estimate the number of years a magistrate would have to live if he had to fine the owners of all these vehicles, how much he would get out of them if he had been trained at Kingston-on-Thames, and how many obsolete battleships could be built with the money if the Air Ministry did not watch out.

You may indulge in these intellectual sports at your own risk. We are content if the few figures we have quoted give some slight impression of the size of this car-producing organisation. It is necessary that you should realise what real mass production means if you wish to understand how these Canadian-built cars can be sold to British motorists at prices which would have been thought impossible a few years ago.

You need not go all the way to Canada to learn some of the secrets of this big concern. You need only go just outside London, to the once otherwise busy aerodrome at Hendon, where you will find the English company General Motors Limited, installed in one of the great factories built for the production of aeroplanes during the war.

Recently we spent a long day at these

THE HOME OF EMPIRE-BUILT CARS



The complete lack of coachwork damage is remarkable.

works watching cars, made in a distant part of the Empire, being assembled for the British market. It was a fascinating experience. In these big modern buildings may be found a range of cars to suit every purpose and every pocket. It is a permanent Motor Show. Among the many hundreds of passenger cars shown we counted *thirty-eight different models* at prices from £245 to £1,740. Probably, we are quite safe in saying that no such display of cars can be seen anywhere else in this country.

The private cars shown are Buicks, Chevrolets, Oaklands and Cadillacs, and in addition there are many commercial vehicles with the well-known names of Oldsmobile, G.M.C. and Chevrolet. Naturally, it was the passenger cars in which we were interested, and it was the beauty of the coachwork that first attracted our attention. Some English motor owners still have the entirely false idea that cars made on the other side of the Atlantic lack the refinements of finish. If they were to pay a visit to Hendon they would certainly change their views. We ourselves have to confess to a certain amount of insular prejudice, due perhaps to the fact that we have

visited practically every car factory in Great Britain, and can, therefore, claim to be able to recognise good work when we see it. Knowing what English coach-builders can do, we are able to make comparisons, and, after a very close inspection of the models shown by General Motors, we are compelled to own that the best workmanship of the United States and Canada cannot be beaten by the rest of the world. We may go a little farther and say that, if we take price into consideration, the trans-Atlantic work is superior. It may be rather a blow to our national vanity, but if we wish to be strictly honest and impartial, we have to admit that the wonderful methods of production which have been adopted across the water have enabled manufacturers to give purchasers better value for their money alike in the chassis and the bodywork.

But it is not only beauty of finish that is a very noticeable feature of the cars shown by General Motors, Limited; refinements in design deserve the highest praise. So far as beauty of outline is concerned, these overseas cars largely conform with English ideals. Body designers on both sides of the Atlantic

THE HOME OF EMPIRE-BUILT CARS

seem to have been working upon similar lines. They both give us graceful vehicles which delight the eye. A car designed in America and manufactured in Canada for the British market has, at a casual glance, little to distinguish it from one built in England, but the genius of the designer is apparent when one examines it closely.

For example, we were particularly interested in a five-seater Buick Saloon. The coachwork and upholstery were admirable. The windows were all raised or lowered by small handles which could be turned without conscious effort. The action of the simple mechanism was as smooth as that of a mathematical instrument. Just above the handle of each door there was a small plated lever, by means of which the door could be locked. The driver's door was provided with a special Yale lock.

You see the idea, of course. If you wished to leave a few thousands of pounds worth of jewellery in that car, you would only have to reach over from the driver's seat, and in an instant you could secure all the doors. Then you could leave the car, slam the Yale-locked door, and everything would be safe. The car could not be started, and the most

ingenious thief would be unable to take anything from it unless he used a set of burglar's tools.

This standard body was supplied with a foot-warmer, heated by the exhaust and controlled by a switch, and the dashboard was equipped with petrol gauge, oil gauge, radiator thermometer (all visible from the driver's seat), in addition to the ordinary speedometer, ammeter, etc. Another little refinement we noticed was an adjustable sunshade placed just above the windscreen to protect the driver from glare and the dazzle of driving westwards against the rays of a setting sun.

This particular body was mounted on the six-cylinder chassis, and the entire car had the aristocratic appearance of a "thoroughbred." Another visitor who was looking round the works remarked: "It looks like two thousand pounds' worth." The neat description fitted the facts. The actual price of this Canadian-built car is £725.

Eighteen different Buick models appear on the list of cars supplied by General Motors, Limited, from Hendon. The range begins with the two-seater, four cylinder Buick at £360, a handsome little car, with the well-known overhead valve engine rated at 18.2 h.p., Delco lighting



Wings, hoods and wheels are soon fitted.

THE HOME OF EMPIRE-BUILT CARS

and starting systems, spiral bevel drive, detachable rims, and other features associated with high-grade cars. The five-seater Standard model costs only £5 more, as it is listed at £365. The beautifully finished "All-weather" model sells in England at £555.

The six-cylinder Buicks, from the two-seater at £445 to the princely seven-seater saloon at £795, must be regarded by the connoisseur as an exceptionally handsome range of cars. The long bonnets and clean graceful lines of all models would win admiration anywhere.

Perhaps the specification of this car is too well known to need description, but we may mention that the overhead valve engine is rated at 27.3 h.p., and develops 50 brake horse power. The clutch is of the multiple disc, dry-plate type, the gearbox gives three-forward speeds, and final drive is by spiral bevel. The Delco single unit lighting and starting system is used. The chassis is exceptionally strong, for it was originally designed for the rough roads of the United States and Canada, and consequently it is more than capable of withstanding the hardest wear to which it can be subjected on English roads.

We were interested in a testimonial written by a private owner of one of these

cars. He stated that he had driven it a distance of 105,000 miles, and that the only engine replacements had been valve springs: this distance is rather more than four complete circuits of our not entirely insignificant globe.

A series of four new Oakland models which we inspected made an equally favourable impression. It includes a two seater at £385, five-seater at £390, coupé at £560, and saloon at £590. The standard chassis has a six-cylinder engine with overhead valves and detachable head, rated at 18.9 h.p., and the Remy starting, lighting, and ignition system is used.

All the bodies are extraordinarily well finished and have many refinements. In the closed models we noticed that the windows are controlled by small plated levers instead of by handles, and we found the action to be particularly sweet. There are safety locks similar in principle to those on the Buicks, so all doors can be locked by the driver, who may then secure his own door, which can only be reopened by a special Yale key.

We mention these typical refinements merely to show the thoughtfulness of designers who supply cars at prices which seem to British motor owners extraordinarily low.



Off for the final scrutiny of a good road test.

THE HOME OF EMPIRE-BUILT CARS

And when we are considering value for money the Canadian-built Chevrolet takes an important place. Here we have a car with a four-cylinder engine with overhead valves and detachable head, electric lighting and starting, pressure lubrication, pump water circulating system, spiral bevel drive, and an equipment which includes electrically illuminated speedometer, electric horn, spare rim, etc. This remarkable car, which is rated at 21.7 h.p., must be regarded as a triumph for modern methods of production, for the two-seater sells in Great Britain at £230, the five-seater at £235, and the saloon at £375.

All the cars which we have mentioned, and which any of our readers may see at the Hendon works, or at any of the distributors or dealers, are made in Canada and are assembled and tested here by English mechanics. We should like to have described the highly organised system of dealing with the thousands of cars which pass through the works, for we watched with considerable interest the various processes. We saw the partly disassembled cars being removed from the crates in which they had travelled, saw them placed on rails, and watched them being moved from point to point along those rails through the long perspective

of shops, while busy mechanics completed the various operations which culminated in the finished products ready for their road tests. A full description of all this would, however, require another long article.

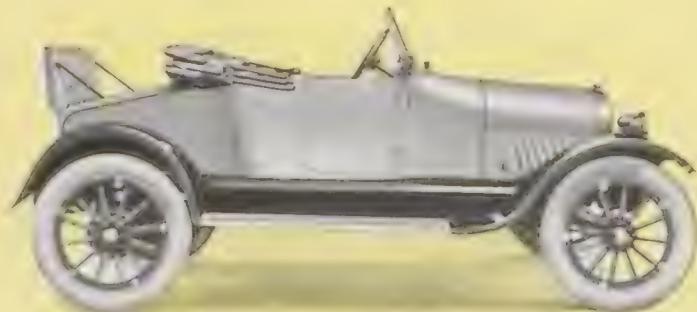
We have reviewed the long range of models from the two-seater Chevrolet at £230 to the seven-seater Buick saloon, priced at £790. Now we must make a final reference to the Cadillac, one of the world's most famous cars. This is the only one among those mentioned which is at present built entirely in the United States. The latest models are superb examples of really high-grade motor engineering work, and when we say that the new bodies are worthy of the chassis to which they are fitted we have paid them a high compliment. The present chassis price is £1,025, the two-seater costs £1,180, and General Motors, Limited, list nine other models ranging from that price to £1,740, which is the sum required for the seven-seater limousine which is very justly named the "Imperial." It looks a car fit for a king.

We think that we have justified our statement that the wonderful works at Hendon form a permanent Motor Show near London, at which a range of cars to suit all pockets can be seen.



The spares organisation is highly efficient.

CHEVROLET



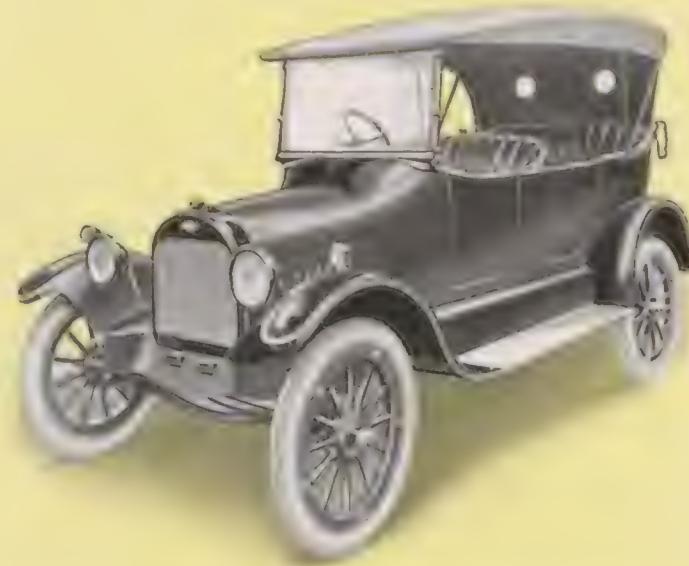
2-SEATER (WITH DICKEY SEAT), ENGLISH
COACHWORK - - - £265



SPECIAL TOURING DE LUXE - - £265



LIGHT DELIVERY VAN - - - £220



STANDARD TOURING - - - £235



5-PASSENGER SALOON - - - £375

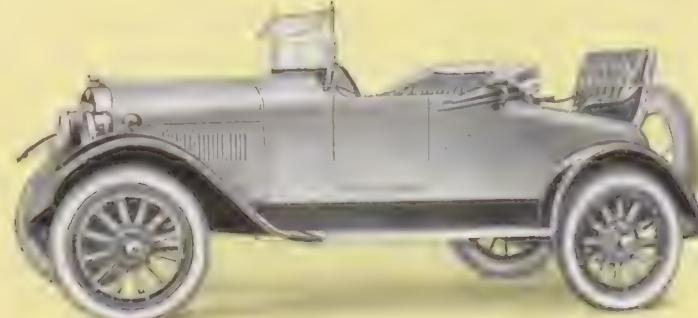


STANDARD 2-SEATER - - - £230

OAKLAND



5-SEATER TOURING. ENGLISH COACHWORK - £440



2-SEATER (WITH DICKEY SEAT). ENGLISH COACHWORK - £420



STANDARD 2-SEATER - £385

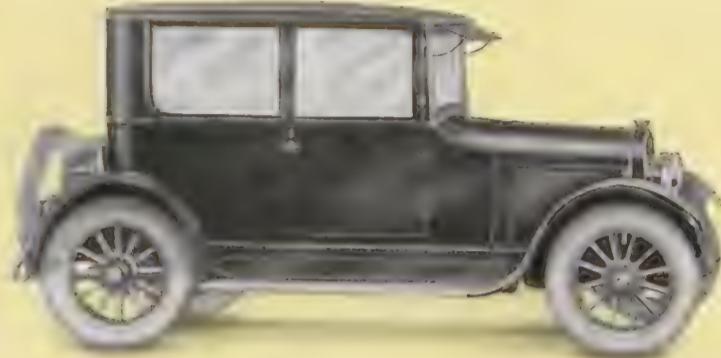


STANDARD 5-SEATER SALOON - £590

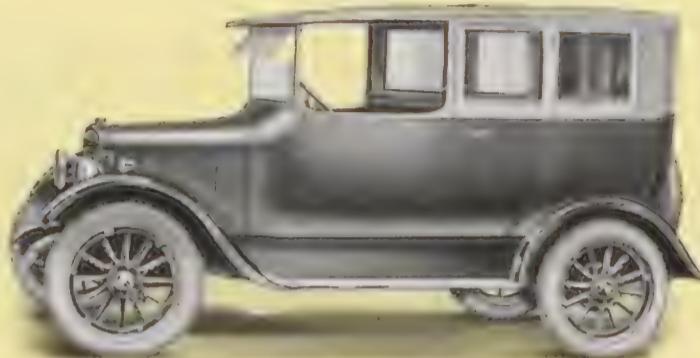


STANDARD 5-SEATER TOURING - £390

BUICK 4-CYLINDER



TOURING SALOON - - - - £540

LANDAULETTE. ENGLISH COACHWORK.
£560CABRIOLET. ENGLISH COACHWORK.
£605

STANDARD 2-SEATER - - - - £360

BUICK 4-CYLINDER.



STANDARD 5-SEATER TOURING - £365



STANDARD SALOON - - - - - £560



STANDARD 3-SEATER COUPÉ - - £495

2-SEATER (WITH DICKEY SEAT)
ENGLISH COACHWORK - - £395

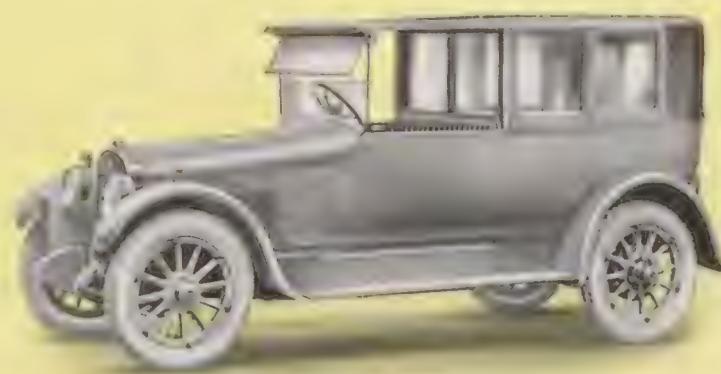
BUICK 6-CYLINDER



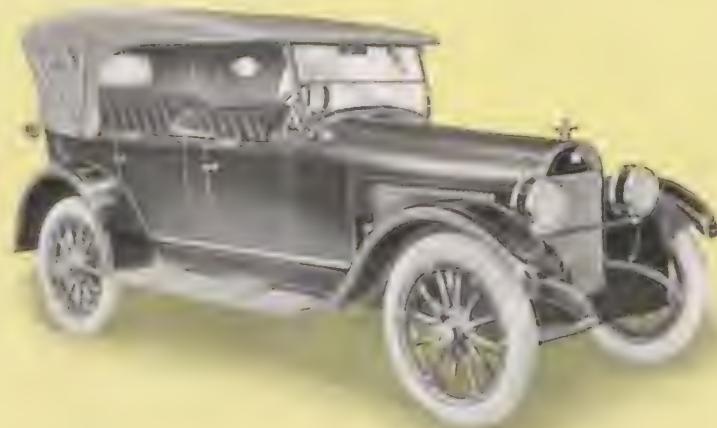
2-SEATER (WITH DICKEY SEAT). ENGLISH COACHWORK - £545.



STANDARD 2-SEATER DE LUXE - £575.



LANDAULETTE. ENGLISH COACHWORK.
£740.



SPECIAL 5-SEATER TOURING - £495



COUPÉ (STANDARD 2-3-SEATER) - £650.

BUICK 6-CYLINDER.



STANDARD 5-SEATER TOURING DE
LUXE - - - - £625



STANDARD 4-SEATER COUPÉ - - £700



CABRIOLET. ENGLISH COACHWORK
£705



STANDARD 2-SEATER - - £445

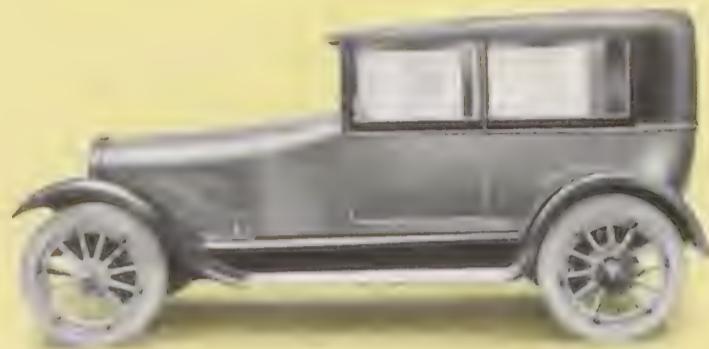


TOURING SALOON - - - £710

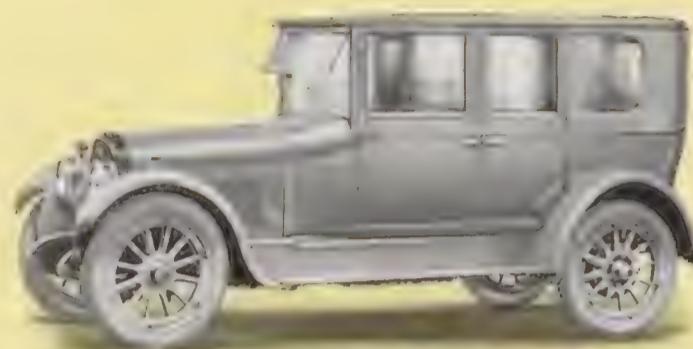


ALL-WEATHER (GWYNNE HEAD)
ENGLISH COACHWORK - - £665

BUICK 6-CYLINDER.



ALL-WEATHER (COACH-BUILT HEAD)
ENGLISH COACHWORK - - - £740.



LIMOUSINE. MAYTHORN BODY - £995.



SPECIAL 7-SEATER TOURING - - £560.



STANDARD 5-SEATER TOURING - £470.



STANDARD 7-SEATER SALOON - £795.



STANDARD 5-SEATER SALOON - £725.

CADILLAC



STANDARD 4-SEATER PHAETON - £1190



STANDARD 7-SEATER TOURING - £1200



STANDARD 3-SEATER COUPÉ - £1500



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STANDARD 7-SEATER LIMOUSINE
£1725



STANDARD 2-SEATER - - - £1180



STANDARD 5-SEATER SALOON - £1575

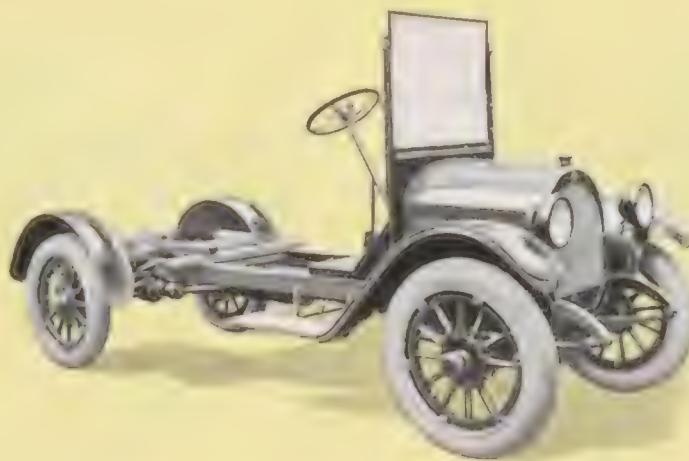


STANDARD 5-SEATER COUPÉ - £1520



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WHAT

DUNLOP CORD TYRES

HAVE DONE

From Capt. G. EGERTON PEARCH, Chagford, Devon.

"In October last I had Dunlop Cord Tyres fitted to my 25 h.p. Vauxhall Car. I drove the car to the South of France, carrying a large amount of luggage and three adult passengers. I used the car almost every day for six months and came home via the High Alps. The journey was made in the worst of weather, but we arrived safely back in Devon with the same set of tyres with which we went away. The tyres are very little worn although the mileage is fully 6,000."



From S. F. EDGE, Esq., Ditchling, Sussex.

"I thought it only right to let you know how very successful the Dunlop Cord Tyres were which you supplied me with for my six cylinder A.C. car which was entered recently at Brooklands, and gained such a big series of records from 2 to 12 hours inclusive, averaging for 12 hours over 70 miles an hour. I believe they stand with the unique record of having run a greater distance at 70 miles an hour than any set of tyres in the world have ever done."

From H. G. POPE, Esq., Maidenhead.

"I used your Cord Tyres on my G.W.K. car in the Scottish Six Days Trial, and obtained the best possible award, a Gold Medal. The same set of tyres were used in the London-Land's End Trial, in which I attribute my successes to the excellent gripping properties of your tyres."

From a User at Alderley Edge, Cheshire.

"In May, 1921, I purchased a six cylinder Armstrong-Siddeley car fitted with your Cord Tyres. I have done exactly 10,000 miles running, and have had no trouble whatsoever, no punctures or bursts, and the tyres still look good for two or three thousand more miles."



From FRANK SEARLE, Esq., Managing Director, Daimler Hire Ltd., London, S.W.7.

"I should like to put on record the really wonderful results we are getting with your Dunlop Cord Tyres. Considering that our fleet consists of 250 30 h.p. landauettes and our mileage in the summer approaches five hundred thousand miles a month (all of which is done on Dunlops) we are in a position to appreciate good value for money in tyres."

R. G. JACKSON, Esq., Maidenhead.

"I used your cord Tyres on the London-Land's End run and in the strenuous Scottish Six Days Trial, the tyres giving the utmost satisfaction. I have not had a puncture since they were originally fitted, neither have the tyres needed to be touched in any way."

From W. MORRISON, Esq., Loch Assynt.

"I am glad to say that your Magnum Cords are really good and I am having splendid service out of them on Albion and Ford cars."



From A. R. HUNTER, Esq., Worksop.

"I am now absolutely convinced that there is nothing better in the tyre world than the Dunlop Cord."

From P. J. CAFFYN, Esq.,
Caffyns Ltd., Eastbourne.

"I am still driving on the original four Dunlop Cords, although I have now exceeded 9,000 miles. Three of these tyres have not been re-inflated since fitted."

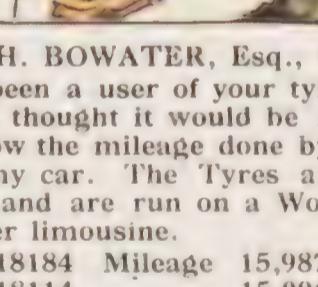


From W. H. BOWATER, Esq., Birmingham.

"I have been a user of your tyres for many years, and thought it would be interesting to you to know the mileage done by the last four tyres on my car. The Tyres are Cord, size 820 x 120, and are run on a Wolseley 20 h.p. six cylinder limousine.

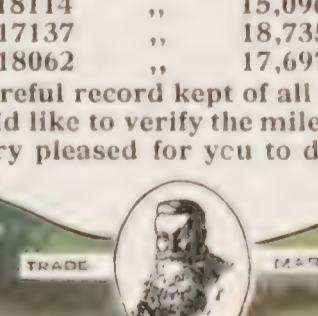
Tyre No. 18184	Mileage	15,987 miles.
" " 18114	"	15,096 "
" " 17137	"	18,735 "
" " 18062	"	17,697 "

I have a careful record kept of all my tyres, and if you would like to verify the mileage, I shall be very pleased for you to do so."



From JAMES FAIRLIE, Esq.,
Falkirk.

"I have on my Moon car two Dunlop Cord Tyres which have reached the 14,000 mile mark and are still going strong . . . two others have done over 5,000 each and look quite fresh."



HOW THE "NO-TROUBLE" TYRE
JUSTIFIES ITS NAME



TRADE

MOTOR

"HALLO! HALLO! HALLO!"

THE LURE OF WIRELESS

It is more than probable that the average motor-owner will, sooner or later, fall a victim to the fascinating lure of wireless telephony. We consider that the "fall" should be soon—in the interest of your own amusement, and intend to publish a series of articles telling you all about it in simple language.

MANY motorists are undoubtedly becoming interested in wireless telephony, and it is hardly surprising that this should be the case when one remembers the training in mechanical and electrical matters which must come with prolonged experience in keeping a car and all its adjuncts in the highest state of efficiency. To those who have the mechanical temperament, the wireless outfit, and what it does, must be regarded as a scientific miracle.

The lure of the wireless telephone may be strengthened by the fact that, after all, we are only at the beginning of things. Remember that when wireless outfits were used at the commencement of the war they were not equipped with the wonderful thermionic valve, and that the boys in the trenches were dependent, where human speech was essential, upon the very limited range afforded by the crystal conductor. Five years of strenuous warfare hastened the development of wireless telephony, and extended its range, with the result that the civilian is now able to use for purposes of amusement one of the most wonderful scientific discoveries. At the same time, however, no one would dare to forecast what the amateur wireless set will do in a year's time, as compared with what is being accomplished to-day; in this connection it is possible that the pure amateur will contribute

the results of his experiments towards the evolution of the future simple and efficient receiver.

Once one comes into the possession of an outfit, whether it be home-made or bought ready-made, and the user has an intelligent interest in it, he is bound to commence experiments, chiefly to extend the range of the set or to strengthen signals. His first experience when receiving the voice from the air is one that is never forgotten. Then follows a period during which he is more or less satisfied with what he is able to pick up from experimental transmitting stations, but ultimately he passes to a stage when the best, and nothing but the best, transmission will please him. He will save his current and his time by concentrating on the splendidly trans-

mitted concerts even now being frequently sent out by the important wireless firms.

Where one amateur will be satisfied with a home-made set, if he has the time necessary for assembling it, there are many others who prefer to take full advantage of the knowledge and skill incorporated in efficient sets on the market, and to make an immediate start in receiving, without going through the worry of building what is, after all, a very complicated and tricky assembly of parts.

As in the case of cars, "money talks" in wireless. A small outlay of a £5 note will provide telephony for a range of 10 or 15 miles, and this range can be extended by higher outlay on valve sets, comprising one, two, three or more valves, so that it may be possible to catch everything going in wireless telephony.

It is certain that the average amateur will be dissatisfied until he has a set which will cover everything going, and our advice, therefore—pocket permitting—is to start with a set of not less than three valves. Such a set can always be extended without much difficulty or trouble in regard to extra valves and signal amplifying devices. An efficient three-valve outfit can be obtained for anything between £25 and £30. On the other hand, for those who would prefer to make a small beginning on a kind of trial basis, the simple crystal or one-valve set should prove



No one would dare to forecast what the amateur wireless set will do in a year's time, as compared with what is being accomplished to-day. Above, an amateur in London is shown listening-in on a two-valve wireless set and tuning to receive signals from Holland, the weather forecast from the Eiffel Tower, and other transmissions.

"MOTOR-OWNER BROADCASTING CLOSING DOWN TILL NEXT ISSUE."

quite satisfactory, providing one is located within 15 or 20 miles of the nearest broadcasting station ; if a start is made in this way with a one valve receiver, that set also can always be extended and developed as the user "grows" in wireless.

Every beginner in wireless telephony, however, is faced at the start by the question as to whether it is possible to save money by assembling his receiver, or whether he should purchase one so that no delay is experienced in "listening in." It is quite possible for the amateur to build an efficient receiver from parts obtained from firms specialising in such components, but I would warn those who undertake this task that the wireless receiver is possibly one of the most sensitive mechanical creations it is possible to conceive. Everything is to be "just so" in regard to adjustments, the "lay-out" of the wires in the circuits, and above all, perfect insulation is a paramount essential.

If financial conditions permit, it is really much the better course to buy a receiver with one, two, or three valves according to the depth of one's pocket. If a one-valve set is used as a start, it will be possible gradually to extend its range by adding valves, etc. Incidentally, such a programme will assist in getting a good knowledge of the technicalities of wireless.

This programme enables a beginner to "listen in" without any delay.

Even with a ready-made receiver the troubles will occasionally arise which will put it out of order until faults are located. I have noticed, for example, that faulty reception has been caused by dust getting between the vanes of the condensers. In other cases the vanes were liable to touch, and so put this part of the receiver out of action. At the present time it appears to be the practice to swing the moving vanes on a pointed brass screw which is

centred in a small hole on the nut at the bottom of the vertical shaft. After a little use this hole wears—sometimes sideways, so that the two sets of vanes cannot be adjusted truly parallel, with the result that when the controlling knob is in certain positions they touch and set up a "closed circuit."

At the moment we are awaiting the long promised broadcasting services, but from all that one can learn by reading the daily press, and by "listening in," it is evident that the wireless companies are working hard in order that these services may be established before the end of the year. For example, in the London area the Marconi operators can be heard during afternoons conducting speech and other tests between the Strand and the Writtle stations, and sometimes trying out half a dozen different methods of transmission on one day. These activities indicate that the broadcasting preparations are really being pushed forward as rapidly as possible.

In the meantime it may be said that there have been excellent reasons for the delay which has occurred. One has only to listen in on the 400 metre amateur wave length to-day to realise

what chaos would result if the broadcasting services were hurriedly arranged without due recognition of technical and other wireless difficulties which, unless carefully considered and overcome, will bring disappointing results in regard to the promised concerts.

Whatever may be the future importance of wireless telephony to the public, it has always to be recognised that the use of wireless for amusement purposes must stand aside in favour of the more serious work now being done in regard to the control of aircraft, signals to ships, international communications between Governments, etc. It would be folly for the authorities to countenance any use of the ether which would nullify the usefulness of the more serious side of the wireless telegraph. Therefore, we may assume that the care and deliberation with which the present arrangements have been arrived at will eventually ensure the wireless amateur having a good time when things begin to move.

Conjectures have been put forward with regard to the use of wireless outfits on cars. In view of the fact that transmission licences are and will be issued only to those who can put forward exceptionally good cases

for transmission facilities, it is very unlikely that car owners will, as has been suggested, be able to communicate with home and business by wireless while on tours or business journeys. Wireless receivers, however, can and will be carried on cars for amusement purposes, for it will always be possible, when a broadcast concert is on, to switch in at the appointed hour and enjoy a pleasant interlude during tours on the King's Highway. At the present time, however, receiving licences are only granted in respect of receivers permanently installed at definite addresses. It remains to be seen whether the system will be extended.



WIRELESS telephony has, in recent years, developed in an extraordinary manner; with the result that one of the most wonderful of scientific discoveries is now used by thousands as a happy means of amusement. The picture shows an operator receiving a broadcasted concert item, apparently humorous, with an audience enjoying the benefit of a loud speaker.

TO SLIP OR NOT TO SLIP?

DEMONSTRATING DISC TRANSMISSION.



Quite out of the ordinary rut!



It never failed to reach the top.

FOR years past there has been a keen controversy as to the efficiency of disc transmission. Many have praised it, and many condemned it, but among those who believe in this method are the makers of the G.W.K. Light Car. They more than believe in it—they are so enthusiastic over it that they build their cars on that principle, but to emphasise their belief, a special demonstration was recently held before many eminent motoring authorities.

A two-seater G.W.K. car, driven by Mr. H. G. Pope, performed some unusual feats, by driving down banks, over large stones, climbing steep gradients and speeding through deep sand, never once showing signs of slipping or loss of driving power. He even repeated his performances carrying two extra passengers. And he wasn't satisfied with that, for taking a



A little trip through the sand.

course across country over patches covered with heather, gorse and ruts never seeming to falter, he surprised the onlookers by dashing into a large stretch of water, driving with the transmission partially submerged; yet still there were no signs of failure.

There seemed to be nothing which would tend to arrest the progress of the car. With this "cushy" drive to transmit and receive these violent shocks, the G.W.K. Light Car simply and effectively proved the dependability of its disc transmission. Many of those present, who, before the demonstration, were more or less prejudiced against the principle, gladly admitted afterwards how thoroughly the reliability of disc transmission had been proved. The tests were as severe as the most sceptically minded could demand.



In the midst of gorse—still in clover!



The G.W.K. disc drive—water cooled!

“‘MIDST EDEN’S LEAFY GLENS—STOOD BEAUTY.”



Mrs. Geoffrey Fownes-Luttrell, taken in the wonderfully pretty gardens at Dunster Castle, Dunster, Somerset. Mrs. Fownes-Luttrell is the daughter of the late Rear-Admiral W. B. Bridges, of Trewalla, Australia, and she married Mr. Geoffrey Fownes-Luttrell in 1918.

A PRETTY PICTURE IN POETIC POSE.



Mrs. D'Arcy Dawes, with her little daughter Sylvia, photographed at the Manor House, Kemp Town, Brighton. Mrs. D'Arcy Dawes' husband is the second surviving son of the late Sir Edwyn Dawes, K.C.M.G., and Mrs. Dawes before her marriage was Miss Kenworthy-Thompson, of Aberystwyth.

MR. KNOWALL KNOWS NOTHING!

TRACKING THE TAME BROOKLANDER.
By Captain P. A. Barron.

Though humorous, our contributor knows full well the value of the real racing motorist. In this article, however, he offers you some witty skits on what he terms our maddest motorists; you'll recognise the type.

THE most popular racing track is the Portsmouth road; but, contrary to popular belief, really high speeds are rarely attained upon it. Owners of small cycle-cars, tricars, and the vehicles known as "try-again-cars" often claim to attain speeds of 90 m.p.h., but their estimates are usually based upon police evidence, and are only believed by magistrates.

Real racing men know that the boasters rarely attain high speeds unless their brakes fail when they are descending Porlock, or Kirkstone Pass, and as coroners are not authorised to issue speed certificates which can be used by makers of cars for advertising purposes, the cash value of these performances is almost nil.

Recently an effort has been made to popularise the racing track between London and Aberdeen, but, in spite of the fact that one of our hereditary legislators set this fashion of law-breaking, no events of international importance have yet been organised on this speedway. Important developments may be expected now that the newspaper insurance schemes are making racing on the highways so profitable to drivers and pedestrians.

In the meantime Brooklands racing track continues to attract many of our speed vendors, and it is on this famous course that the British racing motorist may be seen to advantage.

The indigenous Brooklander may be divided into three sub-species: those who race, those who wear helmets and talk about racing, and bookmakers who amass wealth from both.

The exotic Brooklander is seen on the track only during race days. He is distinguishable on account of the beauty of his passengers, and he usually drives a car the father of which must have been a motor-omnibus, and the mother a taxi-cab. The offspring

appears to be more or less on a par with its Pa.

The driver imparts his knowledge of racing to his beautiful companions before each race, and subsequently explains why the car he fancied did not win. His intimate acquaintance with the effects of pre-ignition in the gear-box, and differential timing, enables him to account for anything.

He also gives much useful information to Society journalists who write about Beauty and Fashion at Brook-

lands, and describe how Lord Fitz-sprocket won the Flying Sprint from a Standing Start Kilometre Record Handicap, with his puce-coloured "Pitty-pitty-pop-pop," fitted with a 25-valved Diesel one-stroke aeroengine.

He is pleased when the information he imparts gets into print, but rarely obtains editorial thanks.

The exotic Brooklander usually drives his car round the track at the conclusion of the day's racing, and his attempts to reach the top of the banking when travelling at 25 m.p.h. in an ancient limousine often produce thrilling results.

The indigenous Brooklander who really races does not dress so fashionably as the exotic variety. He looks best when he is concealed in a racing body for which he has been measured, and which fits him as the shell fits a lobster. If the car-body is a good fit, mechanics insert the driver with shoehorns, and prise him out with tyre levers after a race. Only his goggles should be visible when he is encased in his car, and if these are of smoked glass his appearance is quite respectable.

At other times he does not appear to be a nice person to know. He is lubricated by the splash system, and he uses a mixture of graphite and castor-oil as a face cream. He spends his spare time prodding the vitals of his car with spanners, and tying things on with insulating tape, and keeps himself physically fit by drilling holes in pistons and connecting-rods.

He is usually surrounded by skilled and well-paid mechanics, who watch him work and at intervals fetch him cigarettes and sustenance from the replenishment depot. He takes his nutriment in a pit, and regards gearbox grease as a condiment.

If he be a Peer of the Realm, his mechanics sometimes call him "old thing" but if he be a commoner they give him their orders



The indigenous Brooklander who really does race can usually be recognised by his free and easy style.

"FIVE TER FOUR THE FIELD!"

without formality. In neither case do they care to be seen in public with their employer, as he lowers their social prestige when lady visitors and newspaper correspondents call at the tuning sheds.

But when the great race day arrives the thrill of sport makes the racing-car owner forget all troubles. Feverishly he ties on his carburettor even more securely with tape, and tries to soothe his sobbing radiator with chewing gum or Seccotine, for he trusts none but himself to perform these final tasks of super-tuning.

Belching cumulus clouds of poison gas, his racing monster roars its way to the track on which its rivals are drawn up in battle line beneath their smoke screen. Officials in gas masks marshal them. The handicapper hides, for he has already done his foul work and has retired to his funk-hole. He estimates the speed of competitors by the following formula :—

*Cubic Capacity × Number on
Race Card*

Date

It is the handicapper's statistical methods that introduce the greatest element of excitement into track racing.

Our hero finds that he must give 6 min. 26.9 secs. in a race which he mentally calculates will be finished in 5 min. 55.8 secs. For a moment he has a wild inclination to back into the judge's box in the hope of killing the handicapper or some official, but the spirit of sport forbids.

A tiny figure holding a red flag looms through the fumes of incinerated castor oil. Every engine screams round at 7,000 r.p.m. Detonations in exhaust pipes remind fleeing spectators of the Battle of the Somme.

Br-r-r-r-r- um -m-m-m-m- brr-r-r-r-r-um-m-m-m- m - bang - boom - brr-r-r-r-boom-bang . . . the flag falls . . . the first car is off . . . scrunch-ch-ch-ch-ch-runch . . . the gears scream with ecstasy as they are betrothed, and the car is high on the banking and heading for the railway straight . . . Again the flag falls . . . br-r-r-r-r-umph-brr-r-r-r-r-umph --- boom --- scrunch-unch-unch-unch-ch-ch-ch-ch . . . Two cars are off together . . . Another should have started, but the driver has got his gear lever into reverse and has backed into the cinema operator . . . The

excitement is intoxicating as the cinema man is seen to continue cranking his machine until death . . . br-r-r-r-r-rumph . . . scrunch-unch-unch . . . They are all off now . . . Bookmakers yell "Three to one His-pay-no Seizerher" . . . "Five to four the Darryque" . . . "Any price you like on Purge-ee-ott." With luck that may mean fours.

The tingling thrill of sport is almost unendurable. The speed is maddening, inebriating. Cars flash round the banking and split the atmosphere on the railway straight. Our hero is overtaking the field . . . he's winning . . . hooray . . . he's dropped his exhaust pipe, and his brave car leaps forward as it is relieved from the weight . . . hooray . . . now for the finishing straight . . . kick that cinema man's body out of the way . . . hooray . . . he's winning . . . he'll do it . . . he'll . . . "Oh-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-!!!!!!"

There is a long sigh of disappoint-

ment as the wildly excited spectators realise that all the leaders have forgotten to turn into the finishing straight, and are making another lap. A car, firing on only two of its 13 cylinders, and with both back tyres flat and the front ones gone, ambles past the judge's box—the winner.

The bookmakers smile as they feel the compression in their money bags of 3,000 c.c. The great race of the day is over.

Such is the great sport of motor track racing, which should be fostered by every lover of cars.

In order that more private owners may be induced to compete, a special staff of experts has been engaged to conduct a bureau of racing information. The following selections from recent correspondence may be of general interest :—

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—I purchased recently from the Disposal Board two 450 h.p. aero engines. I desire to fit these into my Ford for the purpose of racing at Brooklands. Would any alteration of the chassis be necessary?

Must I fit a racing tail?

T. I. N. Lizz.

Answer.

The alteration of the chassis will depend upon your decision to connect up the engines in parallel or in series. An alternative method would be to retain the present engine and fix the two aero power units to outriggers on either side of the chassis, and drive through airscrews.

With regard to your second question, racing tails are now worn, but you must not be offended if your Ford racer is described by the bookmakers as the "Tin Lizard."

P.S. The tail should be like that of a pointer when standing at attention, and not curly like that of a pug or chow.

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—I desire to enter my car for the long distance 100 m.p.h. handicap at the next Brooklands meeting. It is a four-seater made by the Société Anonyme des Anciens Crockées in 1898.

I should be obliged if you would answer the following questions : (A) Must I remove the existing touring body? (B) The



*The exotic Brooklander is seen on the track only during race days.
He most times represents a camouflaged airman.*

A CAR! A CAR! MY KINGDOM FOR A CAR!

inlet valve now opens early and closes late. Is this correct?

A. D. DUDD.

Answer.

(A) We think you would be better advised to remove the chassis.

(B) This timing is now illegal. The inlet should open at 11.30 and close at 3. We advise you not to race after 3 p.m.

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—Can you tell me if any official tests of racing mascots have been carried out by the R.A.C., B.A.R.C., M.C.C., or any Psychical Research organisation? If not, may I ask why the slackness of officiaidom should not be censured?

In the course of my many scientific researches, you are doubtless aware, as is the whole world, that I have invented many delicate and, I may be excused for saying, ingenious, contrivances. My latest scientific achievement is the *Mascotometer*, which I have tried vainly to bring to the notice of Bumbledom represented by the effete organisations which fail to guard our interests.

You, Sir, with your well-known and enlightened views, should, I suggest, organise a *Mascot Race at Brooklands* for the purpose of deciding the respective merits of the rival mascots, which are such important components of modern cars.

I venture to suggest that a sporting race between a Teddy Bear, Black Cat, Diving Girl, Policeman, Mercury, Bunnyrabbit, and white metal Devil would prove attractive and informative.

I am willing to undertake the duties of handicapping by means of my *Mascotometer*, which registers in what I call B.M.U. (British Mascot Units) the efficiency of the various luck-bringers.

I would myself be prepared to offer a small prize, such as one cwt. of my

scientific handbooks, for a Black Cat Scratch Race. Prof. I.M. HIGH., D.Sc., G.E.E. W. H. I. Z. Z. Prof. of Motorizing Lan-guage (Cam.), M. I. C. E., R.A.T.S., etc., etc.

Answer.

Your letter has been referred to the appropriate authorities, and we have no doubt the suggestion will receive the treatment it deserves.

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—I am a keen amateur motorist, but, unfortunately, I am unable to obtain a car, although the ambition of my life is to race. I have heard of a method of obtaining cars for competition on

what is called the "never-never system." Can you describe the procedure?

ECONOMY.

Answer.

The purchase of a car "on the never" has become more difficult in recent years. In the happy days of long ago the method was as follows:

The amateur would borrow a car of ancient make and write to the manufacturers threatening to enter it for an important race. He would mention that the chassis was broken in three places, that three cylinders were scored and one cracked, and that a pinion in the gearbox appeared to have been ground to powder. He "trusted, however, that he would uphold the credit of this famous car in the forthcoming classic event."

If the manufacturers took the bait, they offered to lend a special car tuned by their experts for the occasion. The term "never-never" referred to the time when the car was returned, or when payment for it was made.

Providing that you are fully insured, you might approach some manufacturers in this manner. Many of them, however, are "up to it," and know exactly how to deal with such amateurs.

He takes his nutriment in a pit, and regards grease as a condiment



Only his goggles should be visible when he is encased in his car, and if these are of smoked glass his appearance is quite respectable.

"THE WORLD IS AN OBLATE SPHEROID"

O N A S P A N I S H C O A S T R O A D .

By Charles E. Eldred.

It is just 400 years ago this month—to be precise, September 6th, 1522—since the Basque seaman Juan Sebastian del Cano proved the world round, by returning safely from the first circular tour of our globe. His birthplace is referred to in this article.

S PAIN has a reputation as a country of bad roads. There are, however, some good roads that well atone for the bad, one of the best of which I traversed in the spring of this year. It was not so much the road that drew me as the destination I had in view—the birthplace of a Spanish navigator to which I had determined I would make pious pilgrimage.

The country is to Spain what Brittany is to France, and what Cornwall is to England—the Basque country. The Basque people disclaim relationship with the Spaniards, and preserve a language of their own, of which the origin is a mystery to the experts.

But in the past their seamen added much to the maritime glory of Spain; and the fact that inspired my pilgrimage was that it was 400 years ago on the 6th of September of this year that a Basque navigator terminated the first tour of the world, and proved practically for the first time that the world is round.

Apart from this significant result, the voyage was a remarkable one. Yet the name of the navigator, Juan Sebastian del Cano, is almost unknown.

He, in a little ship of 100 tons, the *Victoria*, with a crew of 18 men, were all that returned from the expedition fitted out by Magellan in 1519, consisting of five vessels and about 237 men. Magellan himself was killed by the natives of the Philippines in the course of the voyage.

The birthplace of Del Cano was Gueataria, a small fishing-port on the Basque coast, not

far to the westward of San Sebastian. A dozen or so small fishing ports lie between San Sebastian and Bilbao, and the road that connects them skirts a coast with aspects of interest for artist, geologist, naturalist or antiquarian, whether they travel afoot, or by cycle, or by horse, motor-car, or auto-bus.

Apart from its historical association, Guetaria possessed quite a distinct character in its very picturesque situation. It occupies a rocky spur, to which is attached by the narrowest neck a precipitous height called the Island of San Anton. The sheltered water between San Anton and the town has been further protected by stone quays of recent construction, forming a small harbour for the fishing boats, well protected from the southwest gales. Fishing is the main industry in all these ports. Sardine, anchovy and tunny are the principal fish, and a large proportion of the quantities taken are tinned in the

ports off which they have been caught. The general adoption of the motor-engine by the fishermen has very much bettered their conditions.

The fact that the distance between San Sebastian and Bilbao can be easily covered in a day by motor-car, probably explains why most of these little ports still retain their most primitive conditions as to lodgment and accommodation.

Yet these conditions are not impossible to one with a definite purpose, and the universal cordiality of the fishermen and their readiness to ship me at any time for the sardine and anchovy fishing resulted in my visiting nearly all the ports, and traversing most of the road by various methods of travel.

From San Sebastian to Bilbao is less than 45 kilometres in direct line. This is considerably lengthened by following the coast all the way. The alternative is to strike inland at Deva or at Bermeo. But it is worth

while to stick to the coast. In some spots the road has been constructed close to the sea level, close enough to get washed down in heavy weather. In places it rises high up on the cliff sides, plunging up a ravine to cross it by a hairpin bend. There are many places where the road skirts a precipitous slope with no protection at the edge. Unless in search of sensation one might be well advised to make the journey from West to East. This gives the inside position, on the right, when meeting other vehicles. There is no great amount of



A splendid picture of the ancient hump-backed bridge of Ondarroa.

A CARABINERO IS CURIOUS.

traffic. But the motor - omnibuses which are coming into use in the region are powerful, snorting machines, with a broad superstructure tending to develop into something very similar to the old horse-diligence. The roof supports a cumbersome load of passengers and luggage, all precariously balanced on this flying deck. The most sensational section of road lies between Bermeo and Ondarroa.

Lequeito is one of the striking places on this section. It is dominated by a steep hill, on the summit of which stand three wooden crosses. To climb up to this eminence is counted an act of virtue, especially if the ascent

is made during the period of Holy Week.

The best natural harbour along this coast is Pasajes. This has made it more important as a commercial than as a fishing port. In the fishing quarter, which remains quite distinct from the commercial quarter, is a house which was for some time occupied by Victor Hugo, at one time preserved with some veneration, but now very neglected.

The port of Ondarroa has a reputation amongst artists of all nationalities, mainly due to an irresistible hump-backed stone bridge over the river. Whilst sketching this a Carabinero asked whether I had permission from the Governor of the Province.

In reply I asked him whether all the numerous artists who came to Ondarroa to sketch had to procure this permission.

"It depends," he said, "upon what motive they are actuated by."

"My motive," I said, "is to make an illustra-

tion of your most picturesque and ancient bridge."

"But for what purpose?"

"To show unfortunate people who cannot come to Ondarroa what it is like. What other purpose could one have?"

As he continued to argue I be thought myself of my passport, and, producing it, explained that it required I should be afforded facilities in my journeying through his country. It was all incomprehensible to him, except the photograph, which he scrutinised and compared with the subject of it.

And this, to the accompaniment of a few cigarettes, removed all his suspicions—if he ever really had any!



Lequeito. A beautiful panoramic view of the harbour seen from the Calvary.



This house, once occupied by Victor Hugo when in exile, contained until quite recently a museum of souvenirs. Now, however, it is decayed and neglected.



Guetaria, a small fishing port on the Basque Coast, was the birthplace of Del Cano, the first circumnavigator, and stands high on a precipitous ridge of rock.

WHAT IS A FAIR HAZARD?

TREES ON TRIAL.

Our golfing readers have been generous in according their views on the tree hazard controversy raised in the last issue of THE MOTOR-OWNER. Whilst unable to publish them all, the selection given below is very representative, embracing the views of well-known experts—whose opinions differ considerably.

THE last issue of THE MOTOR-OWNER has created a stir in the hitherto placid dovecots of golfdom! The remarks of Mr. Charles Ambrose, our Golfing Correspondent, on what he considers the clever handling of tree-hazards by Mr. Abercromby on the new course now being made at Addington have raised a storm. He finds, on visiting another great new course Mr. Colt is laying out at Sunningdale, that Mr. Colt also is making deliberate use of the tree-hazard—notably at the 9th hole, where you must place your drive to avoid a clump of pines.

Mr. Abercromby and Mr. Colt are the two foremost golf architects of the day. Consequently, it is a serious matter to find an immense weight of opinion, from golfers good, bad and indifferent, against their use of trees as obstacles. But Mr. John Low, the greatest Chairman the Rules of Golf Committee ever had, is on their side. Mr. Low reached the final of the Amateur Championship in 1901, and has won numerous medals and trophies at St. Andrews, which used to be his home; he is almost entirely responsible for the rules of golf as they now stand, and his historical knowledge of the game is profound—all of which goes to make his support of the scientific tree-hazard remarkable indeed. He says :

SIR,—Concerning trees, the object of a hazard, or difficulty, is to direct the play, and a tree may perform this function as well as, and in some cases better than, a sand bunker. A hazard should control the first shot in relation to the second; if, in order to gain an easy access to the green, the right-hand side of a tree must be passed, that tree may dominate and add great interest to the play of the hole.

If the tree be close to the green and on the right side, it will be necessary for the player to send his first shot down the left-hand side of the course, and so make a manœuvre which is both the interest and the essence of golf play.

Even if we regard a tree only as an obstacle, the isolated oak on the left side of the fifteenth course at Woking presents the player who has struck an erring ball with far more problems to solve than the most ingenious bunker could supply. The isolated fir at the twelfth hole at Woking narrows the tee shot by forty yards and prevents the play from going on to the eleventh course.

The avoidance of the single tree may also call for that circumlocution of stroke by slice or pull as compared to the common carry which avoids the bunker.

But all hazards are good—not for the reason that “all beers are good, but some are better than others,” but for the opposite reason that they have all to be avoided.

Ease of recovery lowers the power of a hazard and encourages and allows the less skilful to take risks which his lack of skill does not warrant.

It is for this reason that I think the “out of bounds” penalty should as a rule be severe: the hazard is outside the ground on which the player is supposed to conduct his game. If there is one case in which the player should be “out,” in the cricket sense of the word, it is when he sends his ball outside the limits of the course.

I know if I wrote a letter to the *Times* suggesting that all the penalties were too heavy and that the player who got into a bad place was really unlucky, I should be applauded by the great majority. But I have always seen that the player’s side of the question, and particularly the inefficient player’s side, was too well represented. I have tried to be on the side of the game as against the player, *as I want the game to beat the player*. When it ceases to do so—well! for the game, it is the end.

We don’t seem to hear much about the American team. I hope the Yanks don’t kill them with kindness (this is generally called “climate”) before the match!

Yours, JOHN L. LOW.

But Mr. Leslie Balfour Melville, who was Amateur Champion in 1895, and is another St. Andrews veteran, does not like them at all. He puts his views in a nutshell :

SIR,—My views about tree hazards are that they are the worst “golfing” hazards that exist, but *may* be necessary when you cannot have other proper ones. I know of no tree hazards on any first-class champion course.

LESLIE BALFOUR MELVILLE.

Mr. R. H. de Montmorency is not much more encouraging. Since he became a master at Eton most of his golf has been played amongst the lovely old trees at Stoke Poges, but he says :

SIR,—Trees as hazards! On a course which has any self-respect they are conspicuous by their absence. Off the course they are parklike and beautiful frequently, but fancy finding any on St. Andrews or Rye! They act as a deterrent, but are extremely fluky.

I have not been over the new Sunningdale course, but gather the trees are off the course, acting as difficulties for a hook or slice.

R. H. de MONTMORENCY.

Major C. K. Hutchison (runner-up in the Amateur Championship in 1909, and represented Scotland v. England, 1904–1912) admits that trees can be made to form a legitimate hazard of the deterrent type, thus :

SIR,—I think tree hazards as side hazards are satisfactory as long as the undergrowth is cleared out—coniferous trees naturally being the best. Trees in the line of play are not a golfing hazard. They mask the view and as a rule demand an unduly high trajectory. In fact, there should be no hazards in the air on the line to the hole. A clump of trees, or even a single tree, often form a useful and legitimate hazard for making a dog-leg hole.

CECIL K. HUTCHISON.

WHERE THE DOCTORS DIFFER

Then there is the "New School," for whom *Mr. T. A. Torrance* speaks :

SIR,—Tree hazards are often most interesting if fairly placed. Personally I don't much care for trees—probably from many unhappy experiences among them. However, in the majority of the good courses I have played on they are well placed, and only very bad shots are finished in them. The sixth at Sunningdale is an example.

T. A. TORRANCE.

Miss Joyce Wethered, the reigning Open Champion, speaks for the ladies :

SIR,—The question of tree hazards is rather a problem. Considering that golf courses are springing up all over the world, no hard or fast lines can be laid down as to the nature of the hazards used. When links were practically confined to the seaside, the standard of construction was fairly stereotyped, and this original form will probably always represent the classic type of golf course. But America especially is developing golf architecture in wider phases, so that trees as well as other natural features will probably be further and further exploited as hazards. At present trees are certainly not too popular, but fashions in golf change remarkably quickly.

Personally, I prefer the simpler construction of the older courses to the more elaborate and eccentric architecture used to-day.

JOYCE WETHERED.

Mr. Harford G. Olden's letter is particularly interesting just after his recent remarkable achieve-

ment at the R.A.C. course, where he took the Captain's prize in the Engineers' Club Golfing Circle competition with the remarkable card of nine up on Bogey—playing from plus 2.

SIR,—Golf hazards may be divided into two categories :—(1) The hazard on the true line of course which is placed or cultivated to create difficulties for the good player ; (2) the extraordinary hazards which lie on the extremes of the fairway,

such as rough furze, bracken, ditches, and the like. From all of these hazards there should be possibility of recovery by a good stroke, and at the worst, in the case of category (2), by the loss of a stroke if the ball is in an unplayable position.

A tree on or obstructing the fairway or true line of the course cannot possibly be a fair hazard, inasmuch as it brings into account such an element of luck as might penalise a good player, and often by reason of the

spread of the tree make any reasonable recovery impossible even by the loss of a stroke ; but there should be no question of picking up on the true line of the course. All positions on the true line of the course should be playable, and for this reason no tree should be a hazard either upon the line of the course or adjacent thereto, so as to impede or obstruct any reasonably played shot.

In my opinion, even if a ball lying behind a tree could be picked up without loss of a stroke, the player is still under an unfair advantage by the loss of distance through striking a tree. One does not meet such hazards on championship courses, and surely hazards not allowed or recognised thereon should not be made hazards in other courses ?

HARFORD G. OLDEN.

So much for the views of the "Tigers," and we regret that extreme pressure on our space prevents our giving any further letters. In our next issue, however, we shall publish some further opinions—and will give space for the views of some of the long handicap people.



MAJOR C. O. HEZLET (late R.A.) is easily the best of the band of Golfing Motorists. He is a brother of the two famous Irish sisters—now Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Hulton—who monopolised the Irish Championship for so many years. Mrs. Ross actually won it five times and the British Championship three times. Mrs. Hulton never actually won it, but was frequently runner-up to her sister ; thus keeping the championship safe for the family.

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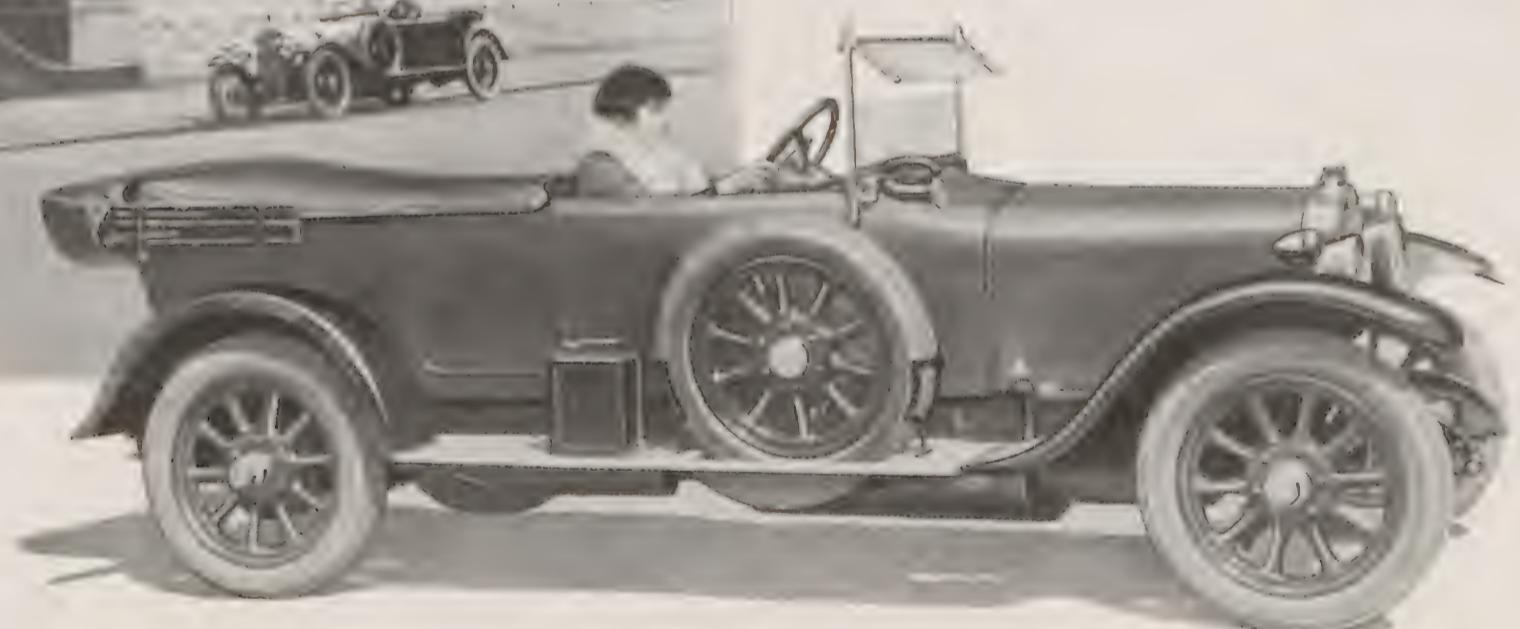
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MORE TROUBLE ABOUT TREES!

COURSE-CONSTRUCTOR COLT AND HIS MASTERPIECE.

Interesting Features of the New Course at Sunningdale.



No. 1. Mr. Colt has to fit in our airways between the houses right and left of this picture.

MR. HARRY S. COLT seldom plays golf now; he has not the time.

But he has won the Jubilee Vase, at St. Andrews, more than once; he has played golf for England against Scotland, and in 1906 he reached the semi-final of the Amateur Championship.

When Mr. Colt left the Varsity, towards the end of last century, he went down to live at Hastings. From Hastings to Rye is not a far cry, and there was something about the sand-hills at Rye that aroused Mr. Colt's instinct for "seeing" a golf course where the ordinary person sees nothing in particular. It seems to have been a clear case of proving the truth of the old saying that "genius will out," for Mr. Colt had settled down to business at Hastings. But he laid out the Rye Course as a labour of love, with such remarkable skill that he found him-



Mr. Harry Colt, the famous golf course architect.

self forthwith in demand to lay out courses all over the place. There was nothing for it but to yield; so he threw up his business, and the first course he laid out professionally was at Ganton, in Yorkshire. Still the demand grew, and with nearly all his time free, and the strength and energy of a horse, he could not meet it. He had next to give up the secretaryship of Sunningdale, which he had held from 1901, and now he is head of the firm of Colt, Mackenzie and Alison, Golf Course Architects. Dr. Mackenzie lives in Yorkshire, and looks after the Northern courses; Mr. Hugh Alison, who used to be Secretary at Stoke Poges, and is very well known amongst golfers, is representing the firm in America; and Mr. Colt himself, at the present moment, has in hand 3 courses for Lord Leverhulme, at Rickmansworth, two at Worthing, two for the

WOE BETIDE THE SLICER !



No. 2.—Showing the long second shot to the 6th green. A pushed drive will run right away down the hill to the right.



No. 3.—The 4th—another fine two-shot hole. The horses are constructing a wing bunker to catch a sliced drive.

Oxford University Golf Club, and the new course at Sunningdale.

Since July, 1919, the firm have "advised" on this side of the Atlantic 281 different courses, and Hugh Alison, over the other side, is responsible for another score or so. Mr. Colt himself first visited America in 1911, and laid out courses at Detroit and Toronto, and the famous Pine Valley Course at Philadelphia: over here he reckons amongst his "least bad courses" Swinley Forest; the Eden Course at St. Andrews; St. George's Hill; the new course at Languidry; Hopwood, Manchester; Sandwell Park, Birmingham; the new holes at Broadstone; the alterations at Dollymount; Stoke Poges; and the alterations at Porthcawl and Southerndown: in France, the St. Cloud County Club, and the new course at St. Germains: and in Spain, Madrid and Seville.

What a record!

Before meeting Mr. Colt, one tries to visualise the sort of man he must be. He must be an artist; an athlete, who could probably win the walk to Brighton on his head, if he chose; a Napoleon for organisation; a linguist, and certainly a diplomat. His face would be tanned and weatherbeaten, and his eye (it is difficult to imagine the kind of eye that apparently enables its owner, standing in the middle of a primeval forest, to plant out wonderful

holes in all directions before a tree is touched !) would be very shrewd.

Costume: Sombrero hat, flannel shirt, no tie, Burberry, broncho breeches, gaiters, and double extra shooting boots.

His manner, bluff and masterful; and a voice capable of correcting a gang of chattering Dagoes 400 yards



No. 4.—The new 7th green on the old course, the last word in modern green architecture. The old green was "blind," and as the tee-shot is blind too, the relief of being able to see now what one has to do will be appreciated by most people.

away—against the wind, if necessary.

Having formed this picture, one meets the real Mr. Colt. Quiet, unobtrusive, self-possessed, modest and even shy, but resolute as a rock, Mr. Colt is the very antithesis of it all. Seldom does he permit himself to make a gesture, and he never raises his voice. But the sooner you realise that he is not a man to be played with the better you will get on. Technically, he knows his business as well as he knows his own mind, and in these qualities lies his strength.

The present Sunningdale Course was laid out by Willie Park, over twenty years ago. Mr. Colt went there before the Club was opened, as Secretary, and was retained by the Club as "Consulting Secretary" until 1917. He is responsible for the many alterations that were made to the course during his Secretaryship, and there is probably no better inland course now in the world. Recently a new green has been made for the 7th hole, in a cleft in the hill under the 8th green; it is ready for play now and one of the accompanying photographs (No. 4) shows what a pretty specimen of modern golf architecture it is. Further alterations to the old course, now under consideration, involve the cutting out of the short 8th, some lengthening of the 9th, and an entirely new short second hole, from the left rear of the

ALL AMONGST THE PINE-TREES.



No. 5.—The approach to the new 18th green. The old 18th is seen to the left, just above it.

first green up the hill; an ideal site for a short hole.

But the new course, upon which Mr. Colt himself is engaged now, bids fair to turn out his masterpiece. Starting out from a tee just below the present 18th green, the course takes a wide sweep out into the heather moorland which rolls round the old Sunningdale Course. The new 8th green is built in the hollow under the old 10th tee, and the new 9th hole, turning back, runs alongside the old 10th and so home, to finish up with the new 18th green below the old 18th; the old 18th green is to be shifted into the Clubhouse garden, where the flagstaff now stands, while the old first tee will be moved away towards the Club entrance. Thus Mr. Colt will have to find room for four fairways—the two first and the two last, old and new—all radiating from the Clubhouse, and it will take him all his time to do it with the room at his disposal. It will be very interesting to see how he works it out.

Photograph No. 1 gives a good idea of the problem. Anybody who knows Sunningdale will recognise the old first fairway on the right (with the two figures walking up it) and the old 18th in the centre of the picture; the old 17th green is just beyond the mounds, and the new first can be seen up on the hill to the left, with a white bed of chalk in the



No. 6.—A drive and pitch to the 7th green, amongst the pine trees.

middle of it. The photograph is taken from the place where the new first tee is to be, and the bunker in the foreground is guarding the present 18th green.

Mr. Colt has to fit in the four fairways between the houses right and left of the picture. Photograph No. 5, which shows the new 18th green, the



No. 7.—The 8th hole, another drive and pitch. The white patch above marks the descent from the tee to the 10th hole on the old course. This is a thickly wooded bit of country, and gives Mr. Colt the chance of bringing in a fine tree-hazard at the next hole.

Clubhouse, and the flagstaff (standing out clearly against the trees to the left of the Clubhouse), where the new old 18th green is to be, will materially assist the amateur course-architect, with a taste for jig-saw puzzles, to guess how Mr. Colt will handle the proposition. The new first hole will take a long driver two hearty smacks to get home; it is 480 yards long, and the second shot is all uphill.

The green is a perfect picture.

The 2nd is a short hole, and the chief feature about it is the wonderful modelling of the green, for which the contractor, (Mr. Claude Harris), inspired by Mr. Colt, is entirely responsible; Dame Nature made it all dead flat and uninteresting, and has been severely improved upon.

The 3rd hole is a longish hole measuring 420 yards, and the 4th is a beauty; the second shots to the 4th and 6th holes (respectively 480 and 460 yards long) are likely to become famous. Photographs Nos. 2 (the 6th) and 3 (the 4th) are taken from the approximate points good tee-shots should reach. The 4th green is modelled in the side of a hill; a gang of men can be seen working in the middle of it; and the group of figures on the left is approaching it. The horses on the right of the picture are constructing a wing bunker with "scoops." Driving to the 6th hole, a

THREE LOVELY SHORT HOLES.



No. 8.—The short 10th—played down on to the green far below.

pushed tee-shot will land the striker right down into the valley to the right, and greatly increase the length of the hole. But the man who can play straight along the plateau from which the photo is taken will have a lovely second to play across a valley to the green—where the figures are standing.

The 7th hole is a drive and an iron shot, all amongst pine trees (photo No. 6), and the 8th ditto; photo No. 7 shows the green constructed just below the old 9th, which can be seen, plainly, running along the hill above.

Then the new course turns back homewards, and the new 9th, 400 yards long, is so planned that unless your drive is placed fairly accurately, to the left, you will find an awkward clump of pines between you and your objective; a clever use of the tree hazard.

The 10th is a gem (I will deal with three out of Mr. Colt's five short holes presently), the 11th is a long, gently undulating hole 500 yards long, and the 12th is a drive and a spoon, unless you have been extra clever and cut off more of the "dog-leg" tee-shot than the average expert would care to risk. This type of oblique tee-shot, with a long slanting hazard to carry, is certainly very attractive, and so is the green, which is built back-to-back with the 4th green, on the same spur. Whether it will prove so attractive in actual play is another matter, but it is delightful in the rough, as it is now.

The 13th is a "fair corker," and gives furiously to think. It is 590 yards long. True, the incline is slightly downhill, and the prevailing wind

is behind. But N.E. winds are not unknown in this country, and there is no protection near, save what the heather can give. The prospect is not inviting; but, as Mr. Colt pointed out, one of the beauties of this new course is that there is so much room about it that you can shove any tee forward or back practically as far as you like. With that reflection to comfort us, and skipping the short hole which mercifully follows, we reach the 15th tee. This hole measures 430 yards, and turns



No. 9.—Another short hole, the 14th, which must be played from right to left.



No. 10.—The three principal characters—Mr. Freddie le Marchand, Secretary of Sunningdale, in the centre; Mr. Colt on his left, and Mr. Claude Harris, the actual constructor, in knickerbockers.

No. 11.—Yet another gem—the short 5th, an iron shot across a heathery valley, with an expanse of miles of heather beyond. The clump of pines on the skyline is very characteristic of Sunningdale.



dog-leg to the right. Here again, the oblique hazard is brought into play, inviting the enterprising driver to bite off as much as ever he dare. The 16th is hardly roughed out yet, but will cover about 350 yards; then comes a short 17th, and the long last hole to the beautiful rolling green shown in photo No. 5.

Mr. Colt is giving us five short holes; the 5th and 17th to the player who leads off from the first tee, and the 2nd, 10th and 14th to his partner. The 2nd and 17th are not far enough advanced to enable one as yet to appreciate them at their true worth, but the other three are delightful. The 5th—a strong iron shot—is played across a valley to a veritable triumph of the course-constructor's art on the spur opposite.

Next comes the 10th, a spoon or iron shot down on to a green fashioned amongst the fir-trees down below. Photo No. 8 portrays the green faithfully enough, but gives no idea of the height from which the tee-shot is played, nor does it hint at the wonderful colouring of the view and surroundings. It is a case where an artist might

well be excused for missing the globe because he was quite unable to keep his eye on the ball.

The 14th is not so spectacular; the hole is laid out on the flat, and if it were not for the genius of its designer it might be a dull hole. Its merit lies in the modelling of the green, which is built to reward the man who can play his shot to come in from the right.

The course will be sown this autumn with Sutton's seed, and it should be ready for play next summer.



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A VIEW OF THE NEW COURSE AT SUNNINGDALE Showing constructional work in progress

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A CLEAN CAR

besides being a thing of beauty, is a comfort to all who ride in it.

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WINTERING ABROAD: SOUTH AFRICA.

WINTER is coming; all too soon the damp dark days will be here. But when Britain is wrapped in cold or fog, there are clear skies and sunshine over South Africa.

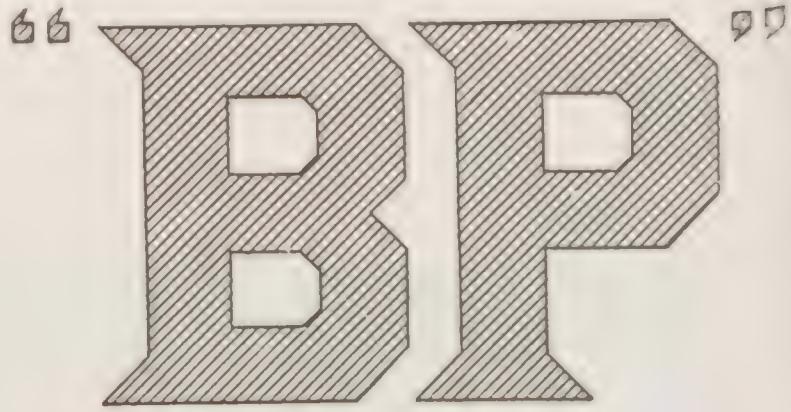
From October to January the environs of the Cape Peninsula are as fair and alluring as those of the Riviera at their best. Inland, on the Karoo, the climate is dry like that of Egypt—bright even in winter, and on hot days generally tempered by a vivifying breeze.

Then there is the extraordinarily pure and exhilarating atmosphere of the Highveld. Johannesburg, six thousand feet, on the summit of the great inland plateau, has the summer of a mountain resort.

And when towards April a chill creeps into the air of the high altitudes, there are the sunny beaches along the Indian Ocean—at Durban, Humewood and East London.

A South African tour may be planned so that nearly every day shall be a golden day. And apart from climate there is interest. South Africa is famed for the grandeur and beauty of much of its scenery. It is a fascinating country. There is much to see and enjoy.

Details may be obtained from the Office of the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. A descriptive book of 250 pages will be sent free if a card is enclosed with application. Write for Travel Book No. "D.K."



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WHEN THE PLUG IS MISSING, WHAT'S AMISS?

P O I N T S A B O U T P L U G S.

By W. E. Howard-Flanders.

Many a sparking plug is thrown away as scrap, when in reality ten minutes' attention would render it perfectly fit for further use. You must, of course, know what to do. These notes tell you.

AFAULT in a sparking-plug is often a most difficult trouble to trace to its origin; and it is owing to this fact, coupled with the comparatively low cost of a plug, that many perfectly sound plugs find their way to the scrap-heap.

The two vital points in a plug are: (1) that it shall be gas-tight; (2) that there shall be no electrical leaks.

The electrode should be of a nickel alloy, and if it is not properly made, it will expand and break the porcelain. The porcelain itself, and the cement around the electrode, must be of the best quality, otherwise they become porous and leak, thus causing a weak spark. It is extremely difficult to obtain a porcelain which will not absorb oil after the surface has been subjected to heat.

These points cannot be examined when purchasing a plug, and therefore a good plug of a well-known make is usually cheapest in the long run.

Gas leaks are easily tested by running a few drops of thin oil round the joint at the base of the porcelain, while the engine is running. A leak will be indicated by the oil bubbling or being blown away.

The usual electrical troubles are so common that they need not be mentioned here; the only remedy is to take the plug apart, thoroughly clean it, and try it again.

In the case of mica plugs, the insulator is con-

structed in the form of washers, and there is often a leak to the central electrode if the plug gets oily.

The length of the gap is very important. If it is too short it is impossible to run slowly, for the actual flame area is too small to fire the attenuated charge. If it is too long, the engine will misfire, especially on sudden acceleration, for the resistance is too high under compression, and the spark jumps across the safety gap of the magneto instead.

The correct length of the gap varies with the engine compression. An ordinary 4-cyl. magneto usually has a safety gap of $\frac{1}{8}$ in., allowing a pressure of about 8,000 volts. This corresponds to a plug gap of about .025 in. under 65 lb. compression. If the compression is higher, the spark will jump across the safety gap; if it is

lower, the points should be slightly opened out.

It must be remembered that widening the plug gap puts a strain on the insulation, and if the plug is badly sooted the spark will leak across the sooty porcelain. In the open air, the spark should always pass through a visiting card, held between the points, rather than leak across the porcelain.

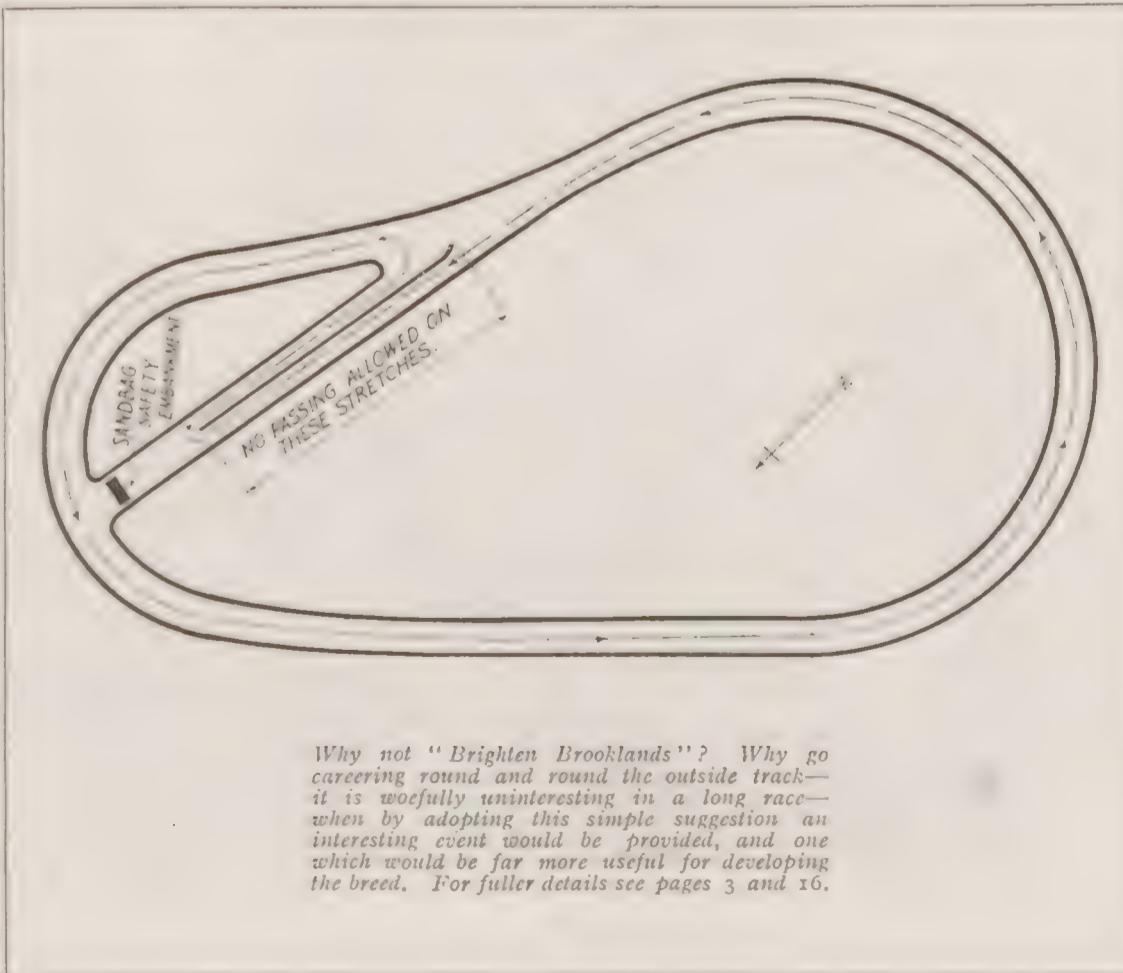
The correct length of plug gaps is as follows:—

High compression, 75–80 lb., .020 in.
Medium compression, 65 lb., .025 in.
Low compression, 55 lb., .030 in.

A plug should never be fitted over the exhaust valve, owing to inert gas always being present there. In L or T-headed cylinders, it should be placed over the inlet valve, where it is cooled by the incoming charge, and surrounded by fresh gas. With overhead valves the plug is in the centre or side of the cylinder. Here it is exposed to the full heat of the explosion, and in high-compression engines of this type a very well-made plug is essential.

The length of the threaded part of the plug body should be the same as the length of the valve-cap, so that the electrodes just project into the combustion chamber.

When a plug is taken apart for cleaning, the parts should be soaked in petrol, and the carbon carefully wiped off. Oil which has been burnt on to the porcelain can be removed with spirits of salt.



A N AIR-COOLED FAMILY CAR.

Many motorists are still prejudiced against air-cooled engines—and their feelings are not enlivened by the knowledge that there are only two cylinders. But such a car can be made quite successful in these days, as exemplified by the model referred to in these notes.

FROM its appearance the B.S.A. does not look an air-cooled car, or even a twin-cylinder, and until these facts were disclosed at a halt in Oxford (having hurried away from Town taking Dashwood Hill *en route*, going over the top in splendid style at 22 m.p.h. in second gear) our passenger wouldn't believe it was so.

The running of the car was really wonderful. Though it would pull quite steadily and evenly at low speed, we found it was advisable to change early on hills to get the best results; as soon as the speedometer needle dropped back to 20 m.p.h., a quick change, and no gradient seemed too severe. During a run of 400 miles over hilly country we never found occasion to use the bottom gear.

The engine is an air-cooled 90 degrees twin 10 h.p., but the power developed when running is about double the nominal.

The valves are overhead and of special design; the cylinders are thick, and the cooling fins are exceptionally deep, thereby preventing distortion, which is a failure with big air-cooled engines. Roller bearings are fitted to the big-ends and the pistons are aluminium. The engine is beautifully balanced, and runs sweeter even than some water-cooled fours." The lubrication system is by pump, and it is as positive as it is ingenious. It is entirely automatic and calls for no attention from the driver.

While speaking

of lubrication, part of the tool outfit—which is very complete—is an "Enots" flexible grease gun. This, coupled with the special nipples—there are fourteen in all, fitted, for example, to such things as the spring shackles—makes what is normally "a horrid messy job" quite a pleasure, resulting in greater comfort in running, as well as reduced maintenance costs. This type of grease gun and its nipples should be on every chassis, for the system is exceptionally convenient and clean. There is not a point on the B.S.A. chassis which has been overlooked, and a few minutes spent occasionally with the "Enots" grease gun should ensure perfect lubrication throughout the life of the car, even on the worst road surfaces.

Another good point which adds to the comfort is the adjustable pedals provided for the clutch and foot brake, which brings to mind the fact that the

car is very roomy and can take three ordinary people in front easily, and two in the dickey when necessary, though such overloading should be avoided normally.

The B.S.A. easily does 45 m.p.h., and 45 m.p.g., and is undoubtedly a good medium priced car for the family man, where the question of "upkeep" tells. It is light on tyres and economical in oil consumption. The former attribute is due, no doubt, to the well-lubricated "Wefco" gaitered quarter-elliptical springs, and the easy steering resulting from the clever design of the swivel-pins and stub axles which allow the former to lie in the plane of the wheel. The wheels ride over obstructions instead of being turned aside, a technical claim which can be traced in practice, as the steering is very light. One turn of the steering wheel gives full lock.

The adjustment of the brakes is easily carried out, and by removing the detachable rear wheels and then taking off the brake drums by hand—no special tools are required—the brake shoes can be fully exposed for examination. This is a very simple job, when it has to be done, and will be appreciated by the owner-driver. There are many such points in the B.S.A., which seems to have been specially considered from the viewpoint of that individual.

The dash is neatly equipped, and on a small brass plate the gear positions are given, so that the new owner is not in doubt.



The young lady's persuasive powers must have been more than normally attractive to enable the photographer to obtain this picture.



(Above, left): It is a very easy matter, with the aid of an air-strangler fitted to the dash, to start the B.S.A. engine on the coldest of mornings, and the neat little drawer, or cupboard, on the left of the dash (Right) is very useful for carrying a lady's handbag, small parcels, and such like impedimenta.



How vexing it is, after lubricating, to find one's clothes are soiled or spoilt with grease! But the inclusion of an Enots grease-gun in the equipment of the B.S.A. makes what is usually a messy job quite a pleasant duty. It is quite unnecessary even to soil one's fingers.



Judging by these two little pictures it would almost seem as though the B.S.A. has a wider appeal than the mere human race!



A PEEP INTO THE PRIVACY OF FUTURITY.



It is interesting at the moment to consider the probable mode of the future. It is usually only after many trials that a gradual change is made, and of late years we had so many silhouettes in vogue at one and the same time that we can safely foretell with considerable certainty that no very great revolution will take place from one season to another. But at the moment there is certainly a decided tendency to drapery that will widen the silhouette either at the hips or about the bottom of the skirts, particularly in gowns destined for afternoon or evening wear.

For tailor-mades there is quite a fancy for the plain and severe style, showing a coat cut about three-quarter length and cut long-waisted, fitting snugly just above the hips and with a slight flare below. The accompanying photograph shows one of these plain tailored suits. The hat worn with it is of chiffon velvet in two shades of beaver brown to tone with the costume.

FASHION IS AS FASHION DOES.

The evening frock shown here is also quite a new model and shows the new pouched back worn practically at the normal waist-line, with wing sleeves that give the effect of a cape. The front of the dress is girdled just above the hips with velvet leaves made in the same shade of beige as the dress, which is in georgette.

The new hats of the season are either very large or very small, with little concession to the intermediate widths. What graceful hats are these large models, and with a tendency to be as wide as they are beautiful. For formal or evening wear, black velvet is still the favourite medium, and after all there is nothing more becoming than soft rich velvet as a frame for the face.

But the fancy for placing the trimming on the brim, leaving the line of the crown perfectly plain, makes it important that this drapery is exactly suited to the wearer. The brim of the velvet hat pictured is in black velvet, underlined with rich cyclamen mauve georgette, the trimming being composed of flat blooms in the same shade.



QUITE A GOOD DODGE !

BIG IN HEART—SMALL IN COST.

A notable compliment to the many merits of the Dodge Brothers' car was instanced recently, when one of the biggest concerns in this country—International Motors, Ltd.—took up its sale as their chief interest.

IT is only recently that in the columns of THE MOTOR-OWNER the query was raised "Why has the motor industry in the United States developed in such enormous disproportion to the growth in European countries?" There are many answers which may be given to this query, but we incline to the opinion that the most cogent is the following. The paterfamilias in the United States can obtain remarkable motor car value and service for a very moderate financial outlay. This point was brought home to us with considerable emphasis when recently putting the £350 Dodge Brothers car through a trial. In the United States this car can be bought, of course, for a lower price, but freight, insurance, import duty and similar charges bring the price in this country up to the £350 named. But even at that price, the car presents truly remarkable value for money in this country.

What does one want when purchasing a car in this category? Obviously it will be silly to look for super-excellence in the finish of paint work and the coach-builder's craft. We are, however, entitled to look for a thoroughly serviceable car which shall suit our requirements either as a two-seater or as a family man's car to take five people; and also to look for a reasonably good road performance. Looking at the present proposition from this angle—and it is the only sane way to consider the subject—we must confess that £350 worth of Dodge Brothers' motor car gives you everything that you can reasonably require.

When we come to review the proposition in a little closer detail, we find a vehicle of very presentable appearance, giving ample accommodation, a pleasant measure of comfort, and an equipment which leaves nothing to be desired. To take the equipment question first there is, of course, electric starting and lighting which is carried out on the unit star-

ter and generator method. The drive is by means of a silent chain, and the unit is peculiarly notable for its quiet action. When you come to think of it, it is not to the credit of our automobile development that dynamo drives, and self-starter action are usually by a long way the most noisy features of a chassis—unquestionably so in proportion to their useful work. Consequently it is with a note of gratification that we record the particularly pleasant improvement in this respect in the case of the Dodge Brothers' car. To continue with the equipment, however, there is an electric horn, rug and foot rails, the usual lamps and also a dashboard lamp, vacuum-feed petrol supply, speedometer, an ignition and lighting switch, oil and ammeter gauges, a carburettor air adjustment, a double wind-screen, and a hand-operated

"rain wiper" on the wind-screen. As an indication of the completeness of the minor equipment, it may be mentioned that a grease-gun is included therein.

To come now to the consideration of the car's road performance, the main characteristic was undoubtedly the general impression left on one's mind that there was remarkable all-round achievement and satisfaction for the sum of money which one has to expend to purchase the car. Automatically you ask yourself "What more do you want?" If you look for easy steering—you have it. No doubt you are possessed of the motorist's normal dread of gear-changing—you find a gear-change that is quite up to the average in ease of operation. Do you look for comfortable suspension—you have undoubtedly got it. Do you look for engine elasticity on top gear—you have it to an abnormal degree. Do you look for a reasonable maximum speed—the car we tried was new, but could readily attain its 45 m.p.h. stride. Do you look for a car that can climb well on top gear, and be sure to climb anything on its indirect gears—here again you are satisfied to satiety.

Coming down again to yet more closely detailed characteristics, perhaps the most notable feature amongst the factors enumerated is the car's performance on top gear when encountering the normal hills one meets on the average main road. Everyone likes a car which can tackle a normal hill with a brave heart and "stick at it" with bull-dog tenacity. She seems to revel in all normal rises, and so long as one is going at anything like a reasonable touring speed, it is necessary to encounter something really stiff before you drop into second gear. To our very good and much abused old friend "the motorist of moderate means" we cordially recommend the consideration of the many claims of the Dodge Brothers' car.



A happy combination of the picturesque and practical—with a reservation to the effect that the Dodge Brothers' car embodies both.

A PAGE OF PICTURES IS A PAGE OF THOUGHTS.



In our headline we make bold to paraphrase Sir Joshua Reynolds's famous dictum. But it seems to fit the circumstances so happily. They are joyous pictures. They typify our feelings when we were putting the Dodge Brothers' car through its paces. It responded so well, and is, withal, so very moderately priced, that one could not help but feel joyous in its possession. Under such circumstances—Ownership means Contentment.

THE MOTORIST'S BOOKSHELF.

By Aylmer Norris.

The Land of William the Conqueror—Some Good Novels—The County of the Broad Acres.

NOT only has Deauville, the erstwhile little known Normandy *plage*, been full to suffocation of distinguished nobodies and a few really distinguished somebodies, but the whole *Côte D'Emeraude*, as the stretch of beautiful beaches from Pourville to the end of the Cherbourg peninsula is picturesquely known, has profited by the boom. Motorists of all kinds have flocked over to the Duchy from which the Norman William set forth to conquer England, and one has heard English constantly spoken in the inns and on the roads of that favoured land.

An excellent companion for all motorists who are bent on exploring the beautiful old-world towns, quaint villages, and pleasant places inland, as well as disporting themselves on the beaches and having a flutter in the casinos, is *Highways and Byways in Normandy* (Macmillan, 8s. 6d.)—by Percy Dearmer, M.A., with many charming illustrations by Joseph Pennel. The volume is more than a mere guide-book, and one learns from it much of the romance which still clings about the land of William the Conqueror. And, incidentally, it calls one's attention to much that one might otherwise easily miss.

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL AGAIN.

One cannot expect the Baroness Orczy entirely to recapture the glamour of her first "Pimpernel" story, but in *The Triumph of the Scarlet Pimpernel* (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.) she gives her readers a thoroughly exciting and interesting story, and Sir Percy Blakencry appears to have lost none of his *savoir faire*, adroitness, and chivalry during the years that have intervened since he first captured the imagination of thousands of

readers. The period of this new story is that covering the last years of Robespierre's career, and one of the best scenes in the book is that describing his final appearance before the Convention. A capital holiday novel.

It is safe to say that John Buchan could not write a poor story, and those who have pleasant memories (as I have) of his *Path of the King*, *Greenmantle*, and that capital mystery story, *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, will not be disappointed in *Huntingtower* (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.), just published. Dickson McCunn, the hero, is a retired Scotch grocer, but in Mr. Buchan's hands he becomes the most courtly of knights, bent on the rescue of a Russian princess who had come to England with the Imperial jewels and was imprisoned in a deserted house by the Bolsheviks. The grocer discovers her, and one would imagine that the best thing would have been to inform the police, but that would have meant no story, and so the princess forbids such a step to be taken. Boy scouts, a poet, and other people galore figure in the story, which is

capital reading, and has a thrilling attack upon the castle, and some amazing detective work by the ex-grocer.

There are some real Buchan touches, as that when Saskia the princess has kissed the grocer, after he had thoughtfully made her a gift of face powder. "No one had ever kissed him except his wife. The light touch of her lips on his forehead was like the pressing of an electric button which explodes some powerful charge, and alters the face of a countryside. He blushed scarlet; then he wanted to cry; then he wanted to sing."

A different type of book is *The Outsider* (Constable, 7s. 6d.) by Maurice Samuel, who is, I fancy, a new author. It is a story of modern Paris just after the Armistice, and has chiefly to do with that mysterious underworld of which tourists know little, though of it, at high cost, they occasionally get hectic glimpses. The principal characters are Americans, and the chief scenes are laid in the Quartier Latin. As a picture of this, to most visitors to Paris, unknown region I can pronounce the story vivid and life-like from personal experience. There are, perhaps, too many disjointed French phrases peppered over the pages, but there is sound work in it, and if Maurice Samuel can rid himself of a tendency to moralise and "introspect" to excess, which rather clogs the action of his story, one will probably get excellent work from him.

Motorists will do well to secure a copy of Gordon Home's *Through Yorkshire* (Dent, 2s.) which has been added to the famous "Everyman's Library," and has some capital illustrations. It is quite a notably valuable book for wanderers in "the county of the broad acres."



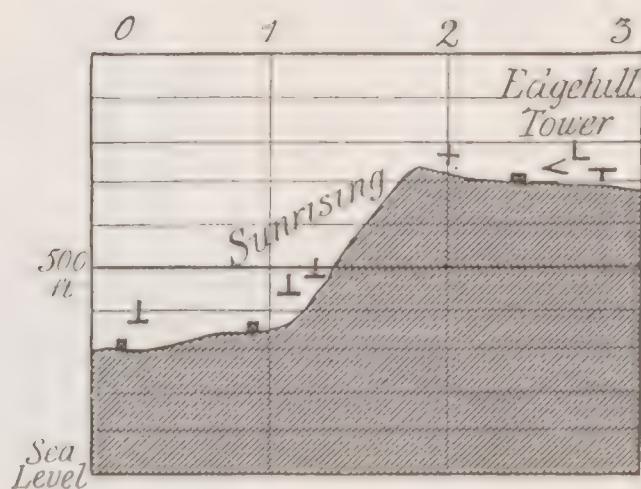
Sterne's House at Coxwold, where "The Sentimental Journey" and "Tristram Shandy" were written.

Hills of Britain
SUNRISING
NEAR BANBURY

"All Ordinary Hills on Top Gear"

"I am highly satisfied with the car in every way. It ('Austin Twelve') is essentially a touring car, its maximum speed seems to be about 45 miles per hour, but I do all ordinary hills on top gear. I can climb Garrowby Hill (1 in 8) with a full load on second gear with ease, and it will be only a freak hill to bring me into bottom gear."

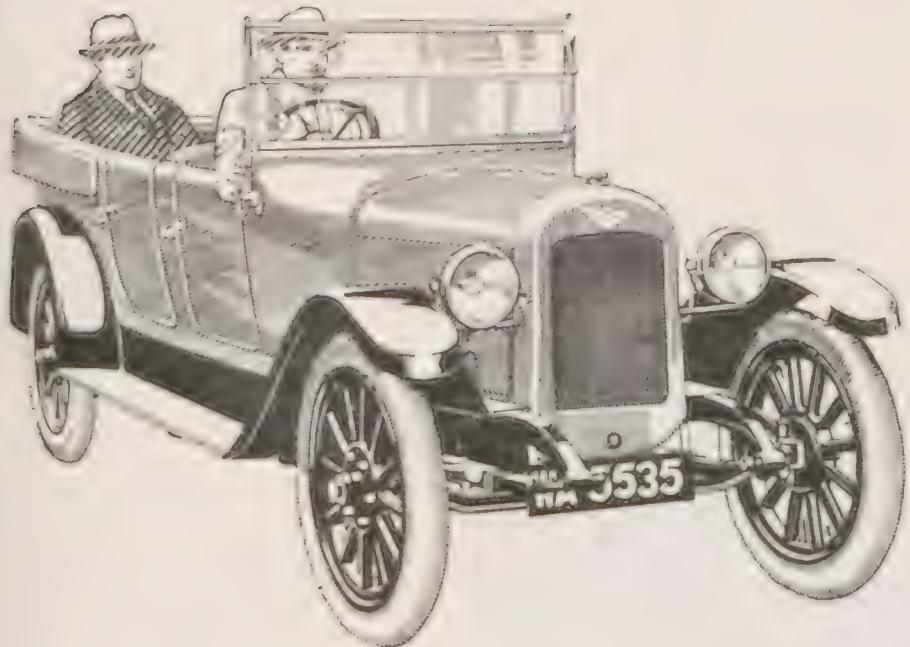
—W.T.F., York.



THE INDEX OF EFFICIENCY

The "Austin Twenty" won the president's cup (awarded on formula comparing speed with weight and engine capacity) at the famous Shelsley Walsh hill-climb on July 29th.

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DODGE BROTHERS TOURING CAR

Full enjoyment of motoring consists of taking ease in a car that yields consummate comfort, without that peace-disturbing pre-occupation that comes of having under one's control a capricious piece of mechanism which demands constant watchfulness, humouring and managing.

Exactly this desirable degree of enjoyment is the lot of him who fares in the Dodge Brothers touring car. The miles unroll, the beauties of the countryside are unfolded, and with that sense of security and content that spells sheer serenity.

The Dodge Brothers touring car is a thing of beauty and efficiency. Planned on luxurious lines, it has the equipment that one associates only with the most expensive type of car. Yet withal the price of this car, which, be it noted, costs surprisingly little to maintain, is but - **£350**

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Telephone: Hammersmith 1972-3-4



"IN A LOVELY GARDEN."

THE COUNTRY HOUSE GARDEN.

By Ambrose Allen.

It is quite possible to attain all the subtle charms of the garden beau-tous without a lavish expenditure of money—but you must know how to go about it. The author offers some happy suggestions.

GARDENING is susceptible to the influence of public taste and the vagaries of fashion; it is a reflection of the ideals of the moment. It has passed through many phases and has generally been subjective to the prevailing school of architecture. During the twentieth century the development of the modern country house has given an immense impetus to gardening, which is in greater vogue at the present time than at any period within its history in this country. English gardening began with the fishponds and vegetable plots of the monasteries of centuries ago, and alternately progressed and declined as the designs and methods of planting were good or bad. The elaborate, formal designs that prevailed in the seventeenth century were ridiculed to such good purpose—"Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother," wrote Pope—that a complete revulsion took place, and the landscape school of gardening became paramount. Present-day gardening combines the best features of the formal and informal designs, and its possibilities have been greatly extended by the wealth of new flowering plants introduced from exotic lands and raised by florists at home.

The typical features of the modern country house garden are the little enclosed pleasure-gardens of formal design, with paved paths, planted with new varieties of old-world flowers, such as snapdragons, clove carnations, pinks, lilies, and so on; the rock-garden filled

with the fairest flowers from the mountains of the world; the rose-garden in which the exquisite colours of new varieties commingle with the fragrant reds and crimsons of those that are now old-fashioned; the lawn and shrubbery.

Within the last ten years the shrubbery has progressed to a wider and more distinctive charm; this word no longer connotes a humdrum collection of laurels and other uninteresting evergreens. Flowering shrubs of great beauty have been introduced from hitherto unexplored regions—from far Western China and the borders of Tibet, and they have enriched the modern shrubbery to such purpose that it now vies with the flower-garden in wealth and variety of blossom.

The little paved garden of formal design, planted with free-growing flowers, is a typically modern pleasure-garden and if tastefully planned it possesses great fascination. It is full to over-

flowing with flowers from spring until autumn, from the time the daffodils open, through the riot of summer bloom, until the last chrysanthemum fades. Even the crevices between the flagstones are filled with creeping plants, with fragrant thyme that perfumes the air as it is brushed or trodden on by passers-by, with tufted pink and thrift, with Grecian viola, compact of growth and purple of bloom, and with the New Zealand bur (acaena) that fills the cracks and crannies with a tapestry of silvery leaves. The centre of the little paved garden is marked by a sundial or pillar; at its base throng pink and crimson China roses, and round it clematis throws its trails of leaf and purple bloom.

The pergola is an essential feature of the twentieth-century English garden, though exotic in origin. In Italy, which is its home, it is a leafy, covered way that affords shade and shelter and leads somewhere; here, it is

frequently, though wrongly, considered as a garden ornament solely and without regard to its fundamental purpose, and thus is often incorrectly placed. Though it serve as a support for masses of brilliantly-coloured bloom and thus arouse some measure of admiration, it may be conspicuous as an error in garden design. The pergola should be so disposed that it leads from one part of the garden to another; it ought not to be set up solely for the sake of its broad-side show of bloom.

Rambler roses are not the only flowers



The Garden Pool ringed with Flowers and Reeds.

HOW TO PERFECT THE PERGOLA.

available for the embellishment of the pergola; they are not even the most suitable. Many of them are so embarrassingly vigorous that they soon hide the outlines of the structure and detract from its beauty if it is built of squared oak set on pillars of brick or stone. Wistaria, not the common kind, but one named "multijuga," which has flower bunches three feet long, is one of the loveliest plants for the pergola; the inflorescences, like fairy lanterns of mauve and white, hang down between the rafters with exquisite grace. The laburnum, too, is delightful on the pergola. Then there are the ornamental vines, especially *vitis coignetiae*, with large, finely-modelled leaves which become beautifully coloured in autumn.

The rose garden to-day is attractive from early summer, when the first China rose comes into bloom, until late autumn when the last tea-rose has withered; between those times the rose beds and borders are aglow with flowers in yellow, orange, salmon, crimson, rose and pink, if they contain a representative collection of modern varieties.

The aim of the landscape gardener who follows the prevailing fashion is to provide a garden of old-world charm that overflows with blossom chosen from the wealth of material now available, and to invest it with the glamour that springs from a perfect commingling of the old and the new.

The border of hardy flowers, com-

monly known as the "herbaceous border," is a delightful and characteristic feature of English gardens and worthy of every commendation. It represents economical gardening in its most fascinating form. The plants chiefly used are herbaceous perennials; though the stems die down annually the rootstocks live for years and the plants increase in vigour and florifer-

mone, bronze and yellow chrysanthemums, deep blue monkshoods, pale moon daisies and golden cone flowers.

The herbaceous border provides the artist gardener with an unrivalled opportunity for the creation of colour schemes; from its wealth of blossom in an infinite variety of shades, bold contrasts may be evolved, or colour harmonies of subtle and fascinating

appeal. One may have herbaceous borders of distinct colours, though generally they are less satisfactory than those in which flowers of various shades are arranged in harmonious association.

An ideal colour scheme for an herbaceous border is to begin at one end with white, lavender and pale blue, and gradually to work through yellow and deep blue to orange, scarlet and gold in the centre, where the colouring should be most intense, and on the opposite side of the border the colours should become gradually less brilliant.



Where the Flower Garden meets the Yew-encircled Rose Garden.



A glimpse of charming Terrace Walls from a Paved Garden.

A BAD TIME FOR A GOOD CAR.

IN SCOTLAND—NOW.

By Owen Llewellyn.

Though we cannot all enjoy the sporting charms of Scotland at this, its thrice-blessed period of the year, we are none the less intrigued to read of such merry happenings. Our contributor is one of the lucky ones, and tells us of his sport up North.

NOBODY knows what you can't do with a car in the Highlands, and nobody knows —least of all its makers—what you can't make a car do. No wonder that chauffeurs—*some* chauffeurs, that is—hate the place, for instead of being an ordinary humdrum driver doing ordinary journeys on ordinary humdrum roads, he is nearly all his time an explorer, a common carrier, a haulier, a jack-of-all-trades, and sometimes even a part of the snare of the fowler himself. Gone—or at least transmogrified—is most of his smartness and domesticity; he has to go where he is wanted, and do the most out-of-the-way things. It is not until he has realised that he and the pride of his life—his car—are there for use and not ornament that he finds that he, too, can share in the enjoyment of all that is going on.

This knowledge is not very long in coming to the sensible ones, but some of the other kind seem sometimes never to find it.

Everything is entirely different in most parts. Of course there are some bits, even in the Highlands, where the distinctions are not so marked, but lodges like these are dull and not the real Scotland at all.

But if the change is a shock for the chauffeur, what must it be for the car? (For cars are sentient things, and I think that some of them have even got a soul of their own; at all events they often seem to run in or out of sympathy with one for no ostensible reason.) Picture to yourself, say, a lordly Rolls

required to scour before breakfast a village half-a-dozen miles away for drivers, and to bring them on to the moors as a beginning of a day. Then maybe, and very likely, to take keepers and dogs out to the same place, to come back for the guns, and to return once more for the "leddies" and the lunch. (Those "leddies," of course, who have not insisted on coming out for all day.) Then to carry some of the last cargo back again with the remains of the lunch and the morning's bag, and so to run all day just backwards and forwards along a road that in a lot of England one would almost shy at driving a pony-cart upon. That is on a grouse-driving day; at other times when there are rifles to take out to the "down-wind" ends of the various beats on the forest, and fishermen to leave at far-away pools on the river, or as near as one can get, to obscure little lochs that have names so difficult to pronounce that

they are generally known as "The Mug's Pool," or names like that, because the trout in them are so unsophisticated that any fool can catch them, it is even more trying, especially when non-slaying visitors have to be driven to more or less civilised regions or the seaside to be amused, while betwixt and between yet others have to be driven to remote railway stations or fetched from them. Time-tables in the Highlands are usually arranged to afford a maximum of waiting between up and down trains.

These jobs we may call the routine work of car and its driver, but they are nothing like all of them. They very often turn lordly limousines into "fleshers'" carts; for it may easily happen that a stag has been killed not very far off the road, but several miles away from the ponies that exist primarily as the bearers of the dead. These animals can go to most places, but not to all; in many parts of Ross-

shire, for instance, very often the stalker and the gillie have to drag the carcasses for miles themselves, and as likely as not the ponies and their man have been left the other side of mountains and bogs, or even another beast may have been shot as well. So they bring the body down to the roads and the car accommodates it to the larder at the lodge, for what is the good of putting off till to-morrow what can be done to-day? A dead stag is a sad and feckless lump of limpness, glorious on the top of a hillock looking down on his zenana of hinds, but most incongruous on



Salmon fishing in the river by the Pass of Brander.

ANOTHER CRIME FOR THE CAR!

the roof of a laudaulette, or even tied on the rail behind. Yet cars in Scotland suffer these indignities, which is perhaps the reason that the ubiquitous Ford has become so popular. You cannot insult a Ford, but you can use it for anything, even going to the kirk.

The kirk is a great automobile concourse in the North. All sportsmen do not go to kirk because they are devout, but very often only because they wish to boast of their week's achievements to other rivals, especially in the matter of catching fish. This is notoriously the case in the valley of the Spey, a fine autumn river, one with, perhaps, more lodges on it than any other, and most of these rented annually or owned by lifelong neighbours. They attend, and then they begin to tell the tale; some of the salmon grow twice as big before they part as they were in the morning, though no fisherman is really convinced by any other fisherman's tales. Bad luck is the only thing we ever confess.

I think the motor has caused a wonderful lot more "Sawbath-breaking" than used to happen in the days when perforce we had to abide within our gates. Much as we Sassenachs may love the Lord, I fancy we stand in awe of the Scotsman much more, whereas in Ireland we can—or could—fish all day, and may even shoot wild-fowl that might be gone before the morrow. So we do not fish, unless the water is too tempting to be able to resist, and then we do it alone and on the very "honest" beat—and of course we do not shoot. But the car is there, and the roads are there, and probably there are some golf-links not very many miles away. So bang goes our determination, though the keepers and the stalkers and the gillies, who have all spent the long Sunday in one or another form of sleep, look askance at one next morning as at criminals past all hope of earthly redemption. And yet, if only they knew how some of us work at home,

and how dull are most days that are not holidays! It is an old wheeze (and one which, perhaps, that motors are helping to rid the Highlands of), that ran when fine weather held all through the first day of the week: "Aye, it's a gran' day, but badly nippit by the Sawbath."

I think a visitor is more welcome to his friends when he arrives in his own car, and begs for it to be allowed to be used as a hack during his stay. In addition to its common value it rids his host of bothering about the despatching of him to where he has to go, for, with the exception of the grouse-driving days, autumn sport in the Highlands is a far more lonely (two's company) business than ever it is in England. One stalks alone with a stalker, and, maybe, a gillie, or even two, with the ponies; two guns are enough for "dogging" grouse and climbing thousands of feet after the remote ptarmigan; one rod suffices for one beat on the river, and all the other things there are to do are mostly done alone or very nearly. So after breakfast the party seldom sees itself as a whole any more till dinner-time, and after dinner—the best dinners in the world because of the sauce of honest hunger that goes with it—well, it wants a very good game of some kind or other to keep everybody awake. I think the Scots invented the bagpipes with their dinners to keep them from falling

asleep under the table; personally I know nothing that can keep my eyes open when I have had a happy day all through.

I think we may thank the car for many a good dinner, because in the days when it was not we very often came home far too late in the evening to be in time for it. In those days there were beats and pools and moors so far away and remote that where one shot or fished one slept, in little wooden shanties high up in the grey corries, or in the old stone-walled shielings where, in centuries past, whole families of glen farmers spent their summers pasturing their cattle, making cheese and watching the clouds and the golden eagles sweep across the glens. Give me good weather, and I will sleep out with anyone, but, for safety's sake, I prefer my comfortable bed, a good dinner, and the fire that is seldom absent from a Highland hearth. The car allows of all this luxury—but do not blame it for that. For because of the car we are able to begin long hours earlier in remote places and keep on till later if needs be. It saves our tired feet from walking where regard for horseflesh used to make getting out of the machine incumbent, it lifts keepers, and men and dogs (I seem to have forgotten all about the dogs that are almost one with the keepers, and who so well know their business that they love. My apologies for the neglect.) And it saves them countless miles of dull walking along roads they know only too familiarly, and generally it takes the place of the animal we used to call "the friend of man."

However, there is room for all, and do not allow my praise of the car in the North to hide all we owe up there to the stout ponies that can go where it cannot, and also to the great men in tweed knickerbockers who live up there all the year round and yet look as if the only time of the year they enjoy is that when we are there to make use of them.



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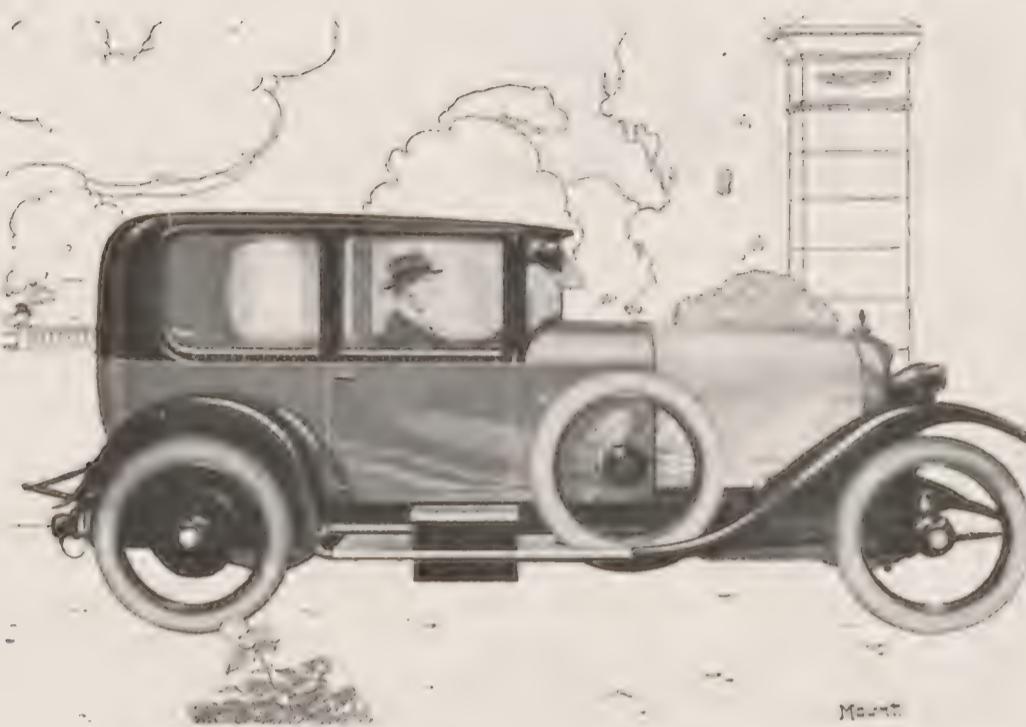
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"LARGE WAS HIS BOUNTY, AND HIS SOUL SINCERE."

THE HOME OF THOMAS GRAY.

Stoke Poges, the scene of the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard."

By V. Cameron Turnbull.

SOUTH Buckinghamshire, London's near neighbour, whom London has only of late years discovered, is a doubly-favoured district. Well graced by Nature, it boasts the additional charm of association with not a few famous men. Nothing could be more characteristically English in its pastoral beauty than this tranquil tract of green, well-timbered country undulating from the heights of Hampstead to the spurs of the Chilterns. Small wonder that it was beloved by great men of old! It is pleasant to recall a few names. Beaconsfield guards the dust of Edmund Burke, the statesman, and of Edmund Waller, the poet; Jordans that of William Penn, the Quaker founder of Pennsylvania. At Hughenden, Disraeli rested from the cares of office. At Great Marlow, the farthest afield, Shelley wrote *The Revolt of Islam*. Greatest of all, the mighty spirit of John Milton, quitting plague-stricken London, silently brooded at Chalfont St. Giles over his forthcoming *Paradise Regained*.

But none of these associations—all of which the motorist may identify in the course of one day—makes such a wide and intimate appeal as that of Stoke Poges with Thomas Gray. It is ironical that the shyest of men, whose few writings were so coyly given to the world, should now be the most sought after. Yet so it is. Gray has been dead more than one hundred and fifty years, yet summer after summer hundreds of visitors, English and American, seek out the old churchyard which has inspired the most popular poem in English literature. Let us make haste to follow their example.

Less than an hour's run from London brings us to the classic ground. The approach from Gerard's Cross prepares one's mood. The long, straight road, shut in for most of its four miles by oak, ash,

beech and birch, seems to suggest the leisured aloofness of "the cool sequester'd vale of life."

Leaving the car in the lane, one passes through the new burial ground, through the recently erected lychgate, and so into the old-time, world-famous "Country Churchyard." Here, or very near, stand all the immortalised landmarks:—the "ivy-mantled tower," "those rugged elms," "that yew-tree's shade," "many a mould'ring heap," "yonder nodding beech," "yon wood." One need not describe features depicted for all time in the *Elegy*. Little has been changed. The tower is surmounted by a wooden spire replacing the spire of the poet's day. The broad, straight path from lychgate to porch is rather painfully spick-and-

span. Otherwise, Professor Churton Collins is still pretty correct in saying: "We have only to take away the wall dividing the churchyard from Stoke Park, and this in Gray's time did not exist, to restore the landscape as it met his eyes."

Under one of the old yew-trees opposite the porch Gray is said to have written *A Long Story*, to which we presently return. But of course our prime quest is the plain altar tomb near the east end of the church, a tomb which Gray himself inscribed as follows:

IN THE VAULT BENEATH ARE DEPOSITED,
IN THE HOPE OF A JOYFULL RESURRECTION,
THE REMAINS OF
MARY ANTROBUS,
SHE DIED UNMARRIED,
NOVEMBER 5, 1749,
AGED 66.

IN THE SAME PIOUS CONFIDENCE,
BESIDE HER FRIEND AND SISTER,
HERE SLEEP THE REMAINS OF
DOROTHY GRAY,
WIDOW, THE CAREFUL, TENDER MOTHER
OF MANY CHILDREN, ONE OF WHOM
ALONE HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO
SURVIVE HER.
SHE DIED MARCH 11, 1753,
AGED 67.

Facing the tomb, a tablet, let into the church wall, bears this inscription:

OPPOSITE TO THIS STONE
IN THE SAME TOMB UPON WHICH HE HAS
SO FEELINGLY RECORDED HIS GRIEF
ARE DEPOSITED THE REMAINS
OF

THOMAS GRAY
THE AUTHOR OF
"THE ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY
CHURCHYARD," ETC., ETC., ETC.
HE WAS BURIED AUG. 6, 1771.

The old church, which dates mainly from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, is adequately described in the charming little handbook, by the late Vicar, to be obtained on the spot. The seeker for Gray associations will turn to the extreme south-western corner of the interior, where, in a little



This immense and curious monument, reared to the memory of Gray by the grandson of William Penn, stands outside the famous churchyard. It was presented in 1921, with three acres of land, to the National Trust.

"THE PATHS OF GLORY LEAD BUT TO THE GRAVE."

square pew, as far as he could get from all eyes, the poet worshipped with his mother and his aunts.

We return to the churchyard in order to quit it for further explorations. But no one should leave that enchanted "garden of sleep" without re-reading in this ideal setting the masterpiece to which it has given birth. What need to expatiate on the *Elegy*? Critics have done so by the dozen, and readers of every description have loved it by the thousand. Mr. Edmund Gosse hails it as "the typical piece of English verse, our poem of poems." Mrs. O'Phant writes:—"There never was a more exquisite evening landscape than that which Gray has painted for us." The remark reminds us of Gray's great importance as a literary pioneer. In the most deadly dull period of English literature, while Cowper and Goldsmith are still children, Gray "stands winding a lonely horn," sounding almost the first authentic notes of that "return to Nature" which was to be the salvation of our poetry. The *Elegy* was published in 1751 and brought immediate fame.

Surely the churchyard, with its monuments and its unchanged features, constitutes the poet's fittest memorial. But John Penn, grandson of William Penn, thought otherwise, and in his day the poet's name was not yet inscribed over against his mother's tomb. So the good man caused to be erected in a neighbouring field a cenotaph consisting of a huge sarcophagus, reared to the heavens on a gigantic square pedestal. On one side of the pedestal appears this inscription:—

THIS MONUMENT IN HONOUR OF THOMAS GRAY WAS ERECTED A.D. 1799 AMONG THE SCENES CELEBRATED BY THAT GREAT LYRIC AND ELEGAC POET. HE DIED JULY 30, 1771, AND LIES UNNOTICED IN THE CHURCHYARD ADJOINING, UNDER THE TOMBSTONE ON WHICH HE PIOUSLY AND PATHETICALLY RECORDED THE INTERMENT OF HIS AUNT AND LAMENTED MOTHER.

On the three remaining sides are cut the fourth, ninth, twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth stanzas of the *Elegy*, and the first two lines, with four others presently to be quoted, from the "Eton" ode.

The architect of the sarcophagus was James Wyatt, R.A., and from the lychgate of the churchyard one can see more of his feats. But first one notices with pleasure how delightfully the churchyard lies

in the lap of Stoke Park, with its rich turf and ancient trees. Through the trees on the right one catches a glimpse of the restored remains of Stoke Manor. Once a much bigger building, it was erected by the second Earl of Huntingdon in 1555. Later it apparently passed into the hands of Sir Christopher Hatton. These antecedents are glanced at in the opening stanzas of Gray's *Long Story*, already mentioned. In Gray's time the Manor was inhabited by his friend Lady Cobham, whose unconventional method of making the poet's acquaintance the poem so happily celebrates.

Wyatt destroyed most of the old manor-house and erected—or, rather, completed—on the other side of the church the white Italian building which now houses Stoke Park Golf Club. We must visit one more Stoke Poges building associated with Gray. We can walk to it across the meadows by a charming path, passing Stoke Manor and the fine old red brick hospital. In Gray's time the Court was called West End Cottage, and was not the mansion of to-day, but a modest farmhouse with a southern aspect, a rustic porch, a summer-house,

and a brook in the garden. Here in 1742 three sisters, Mrs. Gray, the poet's adored and deeply-wronged mother, Miss Antrobus (mentioned on the tombstone), and the newly-widowed Mrs. Rogers, joined forces. With them was Gray himself, then in his twenty-sixth year. The district was familiar to the poet. He had been educated at Eton, and one of the earliest of his exquisite letters, written during a visit to an uncle, describes the neighbouring Burnham Beeches. Gray's early life had not been happy. His father, a Cornhill merchant, who died in 1741, had been the most negligent of parents and the worst of husbands. To his mother, who had lost eleven children in infancy, Thomas, the sole survivor, owed the preservation of his life, and to her modest little milliner's business his Eton and Cambridge education. To Cambridge, after settling his mother at Stoke Poges, Gray now returned, residing first at Peterhouse and later at Pembroke, and spending his vacations, for many years, at Stoke Poges. Impressions received in Stoke Park, and in the garden of West End Cottage, speedily reappeared in the *Ode to Spring*, and certainly at Stoke Poges.

Gray obtained that *Distant Prospect of Eton College* which inspired the pensive lines quoted on the cenotaph:—

"Ah, happy hills! Ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!"

Stoke Poges ceased to be Gray's home in 1758, when his aunt, Mrs. Rogers, died, and from that date till his own death, in 1771, and in his fifty-fifth year, Cambridge and London were the poet's headquarters. The *Elegy*, two splendid odes, a score of minor poems, and some of the best of English letters, comprise the literary legacy of one who was reputed "the most learned man in Europe." Much mental depression and an aloofness from the great passions of humanity were the jailors of his muse: on her rare escapes she soared to astonishing heights. As a man, the shy, reserved Gray won the lasting affection of many fine spirits; as the writer of the *Elegy*, he is, surely, the best-loved poet of our language and nation.



Stoke Poges Manor House, once the residence of Gray's friend, Lady Cobham. In 1780, this beautiful Tudor building was largely destroyed by the architect Wyatt. The fragment that he spared was restored in 1911, and the house is once more inhabited.

SOME INSIDE INFORMATION IN SIMPLE LANGUAGE.

SEEN BEHIND THE SCENES.

Some interesting "inside knowledge" facts gathered in an interview with Mr. H. Kensington Moir, in which he describes how cars are prepared for him to handle so successfully on Brooklands Track, and in other competitive events.

EVERY motor-owner has some sort of appreciation that the cars which put up such wonderful performances in the various speed events that are held all over the country earn their success only by the expenditure of enormous time and energy on the part of someone before the driver makes his public appearance. But, in spite of such appreciation, the ideas of the layman on how a car is "tuned" are always hazy and often wildly inaccurate. "Of course it is an entirely special job," is a remark often heard of a car that has performed well, but just what constitutes "a special job" and how the speciality, or more accurately the "specialness," results in such extraordinary performances, is a thing about which ignorance is the rule rather than the exception.

Whether the car that has to compete in some big event is special as regards its design, or merely as regards its construction, does not matter to us at the moment. In either case the car is treated much the same as a dearly-loved and very delicate child. Every little detail that can possibly affect its behaviour is watched, guarded and cared for by highly skilled "physicians" and "nurses" in a manner that would be quite impossible with cars that are turned out in quantities. Also, somewhat extraordinary to relate, the actual workers on a car intended for special performances are still capable of a considerable degree of enthusiasm. A tragic fact only too well known is that nowadays the majority of mechanics think of little but their starting and finishing times. What employers will tell you if you ask them which is the busiest time in their factories, is "when the whistle blows for the men to leave work," but if in any corner of their factories a car is being prepared for some big event they will qualify their statement to the effect that this does not apply to the racing car, where the busiest time is *all* the time, and a man once begun on a job does not leave it until it is finished.

Many cars owe their excellent performances at Brooklands Track not to any radical departure in design, but simply to extra care in detail work and to "tuning" pure and simple. An engine which normally constructed will give (say) 20 h.p. at 2,000 r.p.m., may by special attention to such matters as lubrication, bearings, weight of reciprocating parts (which means balance), strength of valve springs, size of carburettor and jets and ignition timing, be induced to give a 50 per cent. increase, with an increase in speed that may or may not be strictly proportionate to that of power output. An engine that can by such attention to detail be so enormously improved may be regarded quite safely as an essentially good engine, for obviously the right stuff must be there before it can be satisfactorily moulded. Thus when one hears it said that a car that performs well is a "special job," it does not by any means follow that the standard job is an inferior production—in fact, quite the contrary, because no amount of tinkering will make up for poor materials, wrong design and inferior workmanship, for what may in a word be described as inferior basic constituents of the engine. When a car is an entirely special production it may be assumed that the necessary care has been taken right from the beginning, for a car that is designed for specialised work *ought* to discharge its functions satisfactorily if its designer and the others responsible for its production have the slightest knowledge of their task.

WHAT IS "TUNING"?

Just what constitutes "tuning" is always something of a controversial matter. Some think that the term ought to be limited to adjustments and detail alterations to exterior fittings, such as carburetters and ignition apparatus, and without any interference with the interior of the engine itself. Others regard as within the legitimate sphere of tuning such

important modifications as a new cam-shaft which increases the life of valves, increases in valve areas and in compression ratios, a lightening of reciprocating parts and the employment of pistons and induction and exhaust passages of special design. It is not now our business to enter on this controversy, and it is mentioned merely to indicate that tuning is a very flexible term capable of widely varying interpretation. Suffice it to say that by "tuning" the power output of an engine has in extreme instances been increased by quite 100 per cent.

The super-care taken in the manufacture of the components and in the final assembly of a racing engine have to be seen to be believed. Not only is every part most accurately machined within the finest limits, but every part that constitutes a bearing of any description is most highly finished and polished, and whenever exposed on the bench it is protected with even greater care than a jeweller bestows on his precious stones. As examples may be specified piston-rings, which superficially would appear to have little direct influence on performance so long as they are not broken and so long as they fit properly. A cam-shaft that promises extraordinary results may prove to be quite useless in satisfying its function after many pounds have been expended on its construction, because the valves will not follow the contour of the cams so closely as they ought, and so special valve-springs become necessary, and possibly the valves themselves may require modification.

One difficulty often introduces others by its solution. Alter the design of a valve and you find that the springs need altering, which may quite well mean that whereas you expected to get over your difficulty by employing springs of different steel you may have to employ two springs instead of one, both entirely different in design from the original. Streamlining valves has been practised in late years with much

YEARS OF EXPERIENCE IN A NUTSHELL.

success, but a streamlined valve cannot be introduced into an engine right away, as it were, and the pocket in which it works may need suitable modification, for obviously it is no good streamlining your valve and assisting the flow of your gases by this method if you interfere with the flow by an unsuitably shaped pocket.

CHASSIS TUNING.

Nor does the tuning of a racing car cease with that of the engine. Obvious when it is pointed out, it is not by any means universally understood *in practice* that if you add 10 h.p. on to your engine you will gain very little in performance if your transmission is in such a condition that it is going to absorb three or four of the extra "horses" in its driving, and if your brakes are going to take away three or four more because they are not entirely free when off. Thus, on most racing cars, the whole of the transmission system is most carefully balanced, and Mr. Kensington Moir recorded one instance when balancing a crown wheel in a rear axle alone added more than 1 m.p.h. to the speed of a car, and, he further added, more than one race has been won by an extra mile an hour on the part of a competing car.

THE IMPORTANCE OF STABILITY

Similarly, it is no good securing an enormous power output for your engine and ensuring that it is conveyed to the driving wheels with the minimum possible loss if the car cannot be driven at the extra speed of which it is now capable. There is many an engine in a touring car to-day which could pull its load at 50 m.p.h., but out of which the owner has never succeeded in getting more than 45 m.p.h. on the road simply because at this speed the car began to be uncontrollable. In other words, road holding—which may be expressed as comfort in suspension, ease in steering, and general controllability—must improve in direct proportion to the increased engine power output and car speed. If winning races only necessitated

increasing enormously the power output of an engine practically every manufacturer could win at least a few events in the course of a racing season, but a car maker cannot put a man on a car with an engine that will pull it at, say, 100 m.p.h. if the car cannot be controlled at more than 50.

In a recent 200 miles race a certain car was lapping consistently at some 80 m.p.h., but to all observers it was apparent that it ought not to have been driven at more than 70, for it was swaying on the track most disconcertingly, and its skilled driver had considerable difficulty in maintaining a straight course. Patent for every one to see, here was an example of what may be paradoxically described as an engine capable of a very much higher speed than the car to which it was fitted.

But the discoveries and lessons made

during the construction of a special car for a special job are often quite astonishing. A projected little improvement here brings out into relief weaknesses somewhere else which prevent the adoption of the improvement. That weakness has to be eliminated before the improvement can be incorporated, and so progress goes on "ad almost infinitum," and even then when every possible defect has been combated and every conceivable improvement has been adopted the actual race will as often as not reveal some entirely unexpected defect.

A peculiarly interesting fact mentioned by Mr. Moir, related to the balancing of a tailshaft. Superficially one would imagine that a tailshaft was more or less self-balancing: and for that matter it usually is. But a case was recalled in which a material improvement in speed was traced to really accurate balancing of the tailshaft.

THE VALUE AND THE STRESS OF RACING

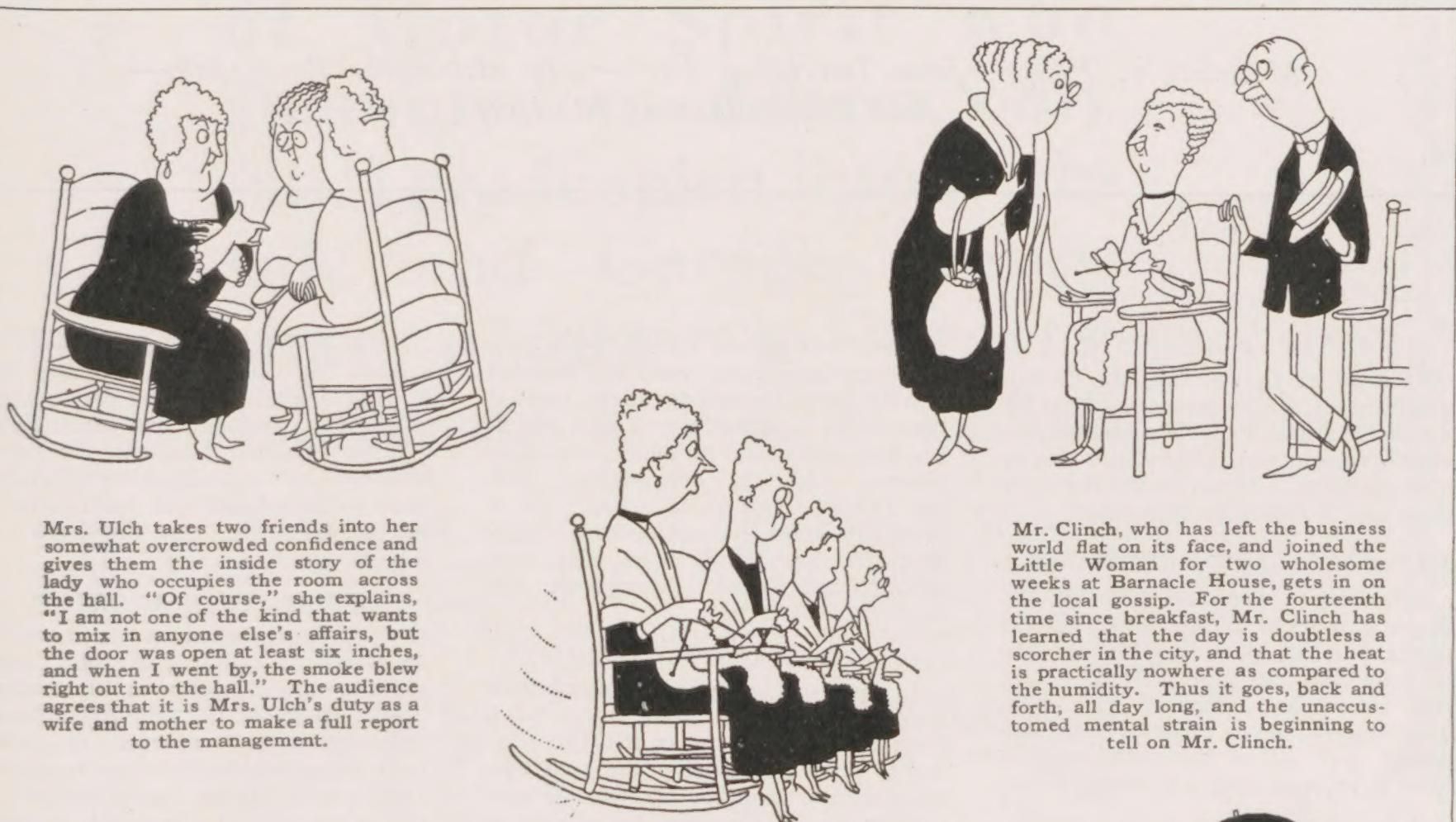
The stresses imposed on a car engaged in a big race are several hundred times greater than those imposed on a similar car engaged on ordinary touring work, and this is why racing is so valuable. Someone once said that a couple of hours on Brooklands track was as good as six months experimenting on the road. Much would depend, of course, on what was done during the two hours on the track and during the six months on the road, but in essentials the remark is not so very far removed from the truth. Weaknesses revealed in a big event, losing the entrant much desired "kudos," naturally receive very early and pressing attention, so that the same thing shall not occur again, and so it is that faults are discovered and eliminated and improvements are suggested and introduced, all to the ultimate benefit of the owner-driver. "Thus you see," concluded Mr. Moir, "we racing drivers do more than take risks for the amusement of the public: we make discoveries by which they really benefit."



No maxim is more frequently quoted than "Experience teaches," and in no sphere is it more truthfully applicable than when used relatively to the special knowledge of tuning a racing car gathered from years of close application and study. But few people are sufficiently generous-minded gratuitously to give away much of that hard-earned knowledge for the benefit of others. Mr. Kensington Moir is a happy exception, and in this "Motor-Owner" interview he gives you many interesting items of inside information.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL!

O H, THAT SEASIDE BOARDING HOUSE!



Mrs. Ulch takes two friends into her somewhat overcrowded confidence and gives them the inside story of the lady who occupies the room across the hall. "Of course," she explains, "I am not one of the kind that wants to mix in anyone else's affairs, but the door was open at least six inches, and when I went by, the smoke blew right out into the hall." The audience agrees that it is Mrs. Ulch's duty as a wife and mother to make a full report to the management.

Mr. Clinch, who has left the business world flat on its face, and joined the Little Woman for two wholesome weeks at Barnacle House, gets in on the local gossip. For the fourteenth time since breakfast, Mr. Clinch has learned that the day is doubtless a scorcher in the city, and that the heat is practically nowhere as compared to the humidity. Thus it goes, back and forth, all day long, and the unaccustomed mental strain is beginning to tell on Mr. Clinch.



Mesdames Curley, Walmsley and Loof form a jolly line-up at the Saturday night dances. They have as good as settled it that things are not what they were when Grandma was a girl, that they are completely mystified as to what this generation is coming to, and that there never was a prettier nor healthier dance than a good rousing lancers.



GUYAS WILLIAMS

It is Mrs. Nimick's private opinion that the whole hotel is in league against her, and she is not the girl to suffer in silence about it. The latest outrage is the occupation, by an entire stranger to her, of her own special rocker, on the corner of the porch where she has sat for the last eight summers. Mrs. Nimick feels that the least the clerk can do about it is to call out the militia.



Miss Crouch gladly welcomes the vacation days, for then she works in her year's reading. Miss Crouch has been burning up modern literature this summer, coming triumphantly through "Chats on Old Silver," "Rambles in Vermont" and "Fifty Attractive Stitches in Filet Crochet."

BROADCASTING BUSINESS BREVITIES.

Motorists v. Police—Some Interesting Facts—An Attractive Proposition—And Other Business Matters.

A NEW ACCESSORY.

Retailed at £5 17s. 6d., the Corbin speedometer, a new accessory, sold by Messrs. Bramco, Ltd., is a thoroughly reliable instrument, and is very steady in its readings. It can be fitted to any dash, and is smart in appearance.

AN EXCELLENT TESTIMONY.

Following a personal test by Mr. Morris of a set of Wefco Spring Covers for six months, an order for 150,000 has been placed by Morris Motors, Ltd., with the Wilcot (Parent) Co., Ltd. Over 100,000 have already been delivered and out of this number only three have been returned as defective.

AN ATTRACTIVE PROPOSITION.

An attractive medium-power car is the new Daimler model, with a six-cylinder engine of 75 mm. bore and a 114 mm. stroke. Its Treasury rating is 21 h.p. The cylinder dimensions give 3,021 c.c. total capacity, and the increase in power and flexibility consequent to its 6-cylinder design make it a very attractive proposition, the price of the chassis being fixed at the moderate figure of £750.

MOTORISTS AND POLICE.

The R.A.C. has successfully defended a summons brought against an Associate-member, who took his tri-car on a portion of Keston Common, part of which has been a favourite rendezvous of car owners for many years; but the police have recently prosecuted motorists, alleging that they are infringing the by-laws affecting the use of the Common. The solicitor who appeared on behalf of the R.A.C. argued that the particular section of the by-laws under which this prosecution had been brought applied to portions of the Common enclosed for the purpose of cricket and other games, and did not apply to that part on which the vehicle had been driven. The summons was dismissed and costs were allowed against the police—a very satisfactory result.

A HANDSOME RECORD.

A very handsome souvenir, entitled "With the Prince through India," beautifully printed in gold and black, has been published by Messrs. Crossley Motors, Ltd., in conjunction with the Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd. As is generally known, Crossley cars, fitted with Dunlop tyres, were the only official cars used throughout the Prince's Indian tour.

SOME INTERESTING FIGURES.

In view of the increased number of licenses which, it is understood, have been taken out this year, it is interesting to note that during the past two months the number of car owners joining the Automobile Association is about 15 per cent. greater than for the corresponding period in 1921. Its present membership is close upon 160,000. Compared with pre-war days (1914), the increase is remarkable, being more than 94 per cent.



SHORTLY after the Armistice a Tank was presented by the War Office to Ferodo, Ltd., in recognition of the firm's war-time work in supplying linings for the clutches and brakes of Tanks. This tank, weighing approximately 30 tons, is now put to the peaceful use of testing Ferodo Friction Linings, and the photograph shows one of these tests being carried out.

A TOURING CAR'S SUCCESS.

The cup presented by the late P. J. Evans "for the best performance in the class for standard touring cars of over 1,600 c.c." held in the recent Midland Car Club's trial from Birmingham to Holyhead and back, goes to Mr. H. Goodwin, who drove an 11.9 h.p. Bean.

A VALUABLE BOOKLET.

"Correct Lubrication" is the title of an excellent publication just issued. With special attention to illustrations this handbook is full of valuable information and advice. It should be in the possession of every motorist; applications should be addressed to the Vacuum Oil Co., Ltd., Caxton House, Westminster.

AN EXCEPTIONAL TEST.

To tow a fully equipped and laden four-seater car up Dashwood Hill, without an involuntary stop, and to make a second climb, but with an intended stop and re-start in the steepest section, under R.A.C. observation, was recently the task of a two-seater G.W.K. light car. This test was immediately successful at each first attempt, and was originated with the desire to prove the ability of the G.W.K. patented disc transmission to drive without slip.

1,800 KILOMETRES BY AIR.

Information has just been received from the columns of the *Vossische Zeitung*, of Budapest, that one of the pilots on the Moscow and Königsberg Air Service, for the transport of passengers and mails, has accomplished a direct non-stop flight from Moscow to Berlin, carrying four passengers and a good deal of luggage. The machine used was a Fokker monoplane with a Rolls-Royce "Eagle" engine. The total time occupied was eighteen hours, and the complete distance covered more than 1,800 kilometres. This probably constitutes the longest non-stop point-to-point flight over land in the history of aviation.

The Proprietors of "Pratt's" are the only distributors of Motor Spirit who guarantee to deliver only No. 1 grade spirit into Kerbside and Garage Pumps that display a "Pratt's" Globe or a No. 1 Label.

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Art Catalogue and Brochure of "Press Options" will be sent on request.

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